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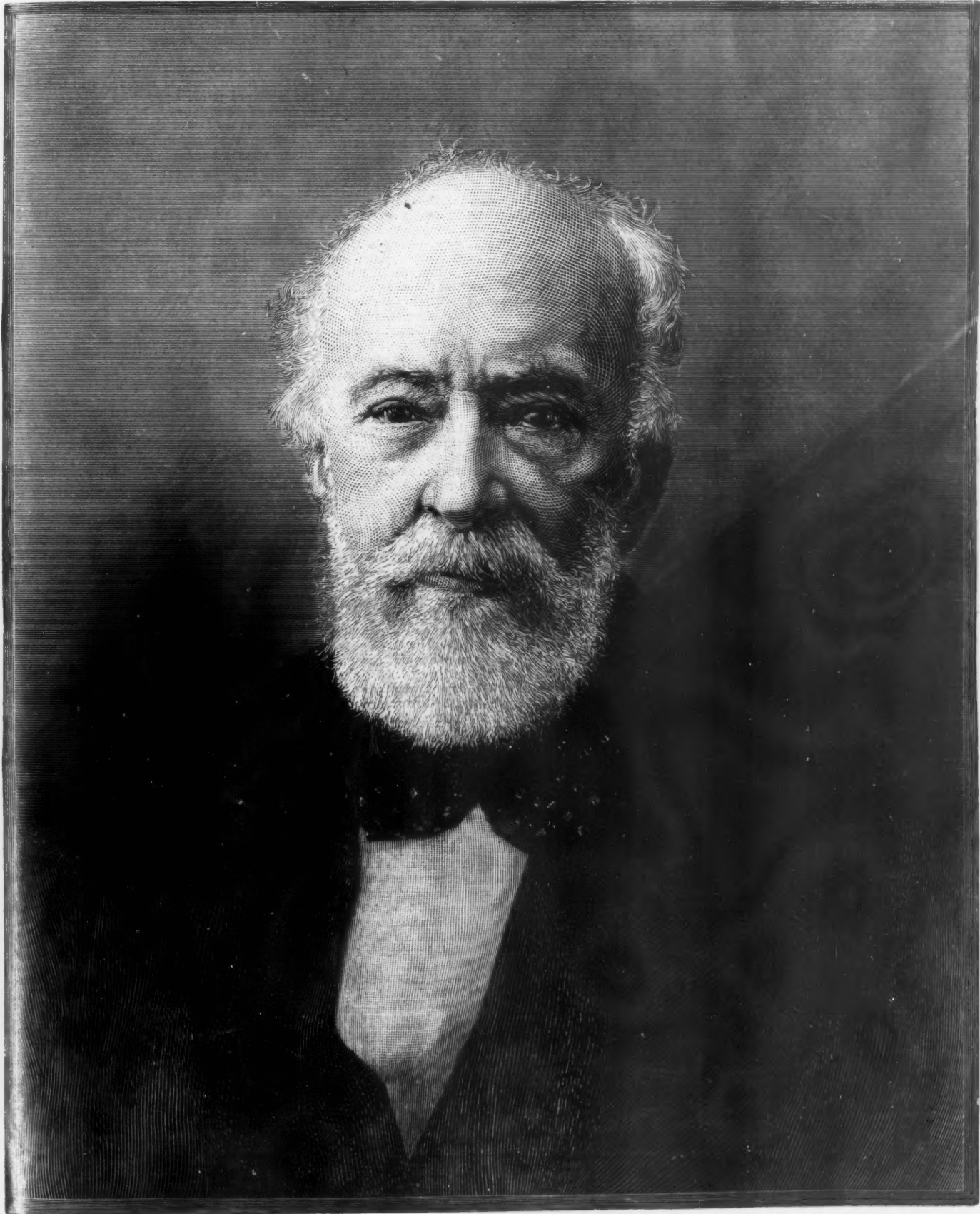
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Vol. XII.—No. 15.
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NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1894.

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LOUIS KOSSUTH, THE HUNGARIAN PATRIOT.
(See page 10.)

ONCE A WEEK

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Should ONCE A WEEK fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, ONCE A WEEK Building, No. 521 West 13th Street, New York, when the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "tracer" through the post-office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 521 West 13th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "ONCE A WEEK." Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that they saw the advertisement in ONCE A WEEK.

The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

THE modern complaint is that there is too much "unrest" among young women.

Is not this due, in a degree, to the young man of the period, who is more intent upon getting money with his lady love, than high qualities of mind and body?

OF course it is, but it is also due, to a great extent, to something very like parental indifference. Fathers and mothers do not take enough pains to study and guide the natural inclinations and aspirations of their girls. Ergo, girls moan and become dissatisfied. They run to extremes—dangerous extremes, sometimes; and yet it is not altogether their fault.

BUT girls will never cure the evil by throwing themselves headlong into the arms of freethinkers and pseudo-philanthropists, male or female. Your man or woman who seeks to cure one evil by destroying all the props of the social fabric is the worst possible friend for the girl who is troubled with "unrest."

THIS is not a sermon—only a few words of advice and warning to our young lady readers, or any of their friends who may be sufferers, more or less patient, from man's inhumanity to woman. It is a good time to raise the warning, and also to remind girls that if the modern youth in trousers demands wealth as well as beauty in his mate, he also detests, as a rule, anything like too much "culchaw" or strong-mindedness.

HEAR what Herbert Spencer wrote of woman's attractions in his book on "Education—Intellectual, Moral and Physical." "Men care little for erudition in women, but very much for physical beauty, good-nature and sound sense. How many conquests does the blue-stockings make through her extensive knowledge of history? What man ever fell in love with a woman because she understood Italian? But rosy cheeks and laughing eyes are great attractions."

THIS passage recalls one of nearly similar import which occurs, I think, in Goethe's Conversations with Eckermann. "Pshaw!" said the German poet, laughing, "as if love had anything to do with the understanding. The things that we love in a young lady are something very different from the understanding. We love in her beauty, youthfulness, playfulness, trustfulness; her character, her faults, her caprices, and God knows what—*je ne sais quoi*—besides; but we do not love her understanding. We respect it when it is brilliant, and by it the worth of a girl can be infinitely enhanced in one's eyes. Understanding may also serve to fix our affections when we already love, but the understanding is not that which is capable of firing our hearts and awakening a passion."

THE ever charming and aristocratic Coventry Patmore, who, in the language of an English reviewer, makes the nature of woman "the one sufficing subject to which he has devoted all his art," delivers himself of the following dictum in a new volume of his essays, which has just been published:

"It is a great consolation to reflect that, among all the bewildering changes to which the world is subject,

the character of woman cannot be altered; and that, so long as she abstains from absolute outrages against nature—such as divided skirts, freethinking, tricycles and radicalism—neither Greek, nor comic sections, nor political economy, nor cigarettes, nor athletics, can ever really do other than enhance the charm of that sweet unreasonableness which humbles the gods to the dust, and compels them to adore the lace below the last hem of her brocade!"

THERE is a parasitic plant called the love-vine found in certain forests on the branches of trees. Its tendrils are pinkish-white, its leaflets whitish-yellow. Young men gather a tendril and throw it on a tree-branch beneath the window of one they would woo. If their love is returned, the vine will flourish; if not, the tendril dies. Why do not some of our local florists import this useful plant in vast quantities? As an article of commerce it would prove a mine of wealth, once its singular virtue became known to the young men of Gotham.

WHEN a man talks about WOMAN with enthusiasm, he is talking about the woman he loves. When he talks about her cynically, he is talking about the woman that won't love him.

MR. RICHARD CROKER, I observe, has begun to unload already. Like a careful mariner, who sees the storm approaching, he is getting rid of the incumbencies. He has sold *Daily America*, one of his two organs, to Mr. William Caldwell, proprietor of the *Mercury*, with which it is to be merged hereafter.

TALKING of Croker, Fred. Morgan, the art editor of this paper, has again selected the Boss of Tammany Hall as the subject of his caricature. It is not quite original; that is to say, the idea seems to be borrowed from our sprightly neighbor, *Judge*, which, in a late number, represented the United States by a gross figure of our esteemed President Grover Cleveland. I need not describe it further, inasmuch as it was reproduced in the last number of ONCE A WEEK. But the artist's neat caricature has the great merit of superior fitness, and hits so near the exact truth that it is as apt to produce a shiver as to provoke a laugh. "It is not pleasant to consider that the body of a Great Tiger sprawls all over our proud city, and has already gobbled up a good portion of the portly personality of old Father Knickerbocker."

READERS of ONCE A WEEK, this unsightly spectacle is not spread before you as a contribution to partisan literature and caricature. ONCE A WEEK is not published in the interest of any party, or of any leader. It is free and independent, seldom interfering in the political controversies of the day. Its supporters are men and women of all shades of opinion; but who, nevertheless, like to know the truth, whoever may be hurt in the telling. This caricature tells the simple truth. Our great metropolis lies prostrate, helpless, under the ferocious tiger. In other words, it is ring-ridden again, just as it was in the days of the mighty Tweed and his unsavory gang. One man rules. One man thrives, and lets others thrive, who are willing and able to do his bidding. But there is music in the air—the music of rebellion which is heard not only here, but in Brooklyn, in New Jersey and in other places where rings and ring methods have long been predominant. It is a music which appalls the whole tribe of bosses, who are singing just now in a very low and humble key as compared with the bold *fortissimo* of the Tammany leader a few weeks ago. This remarkable change is a good sign, showing that even bosses tremble when Public Opinion begins its grand chorus of reform. And Public Opinion is going to keep up that chorus to some purpose.

ONE of the most significant indications of this is the voice of the Real Estate Exchange of our city, which represents among its members about eight hundred million dollars. And this important body accuses the Tammany ring of checking our progress by meddling with the project of rapid transit, the great scheme upon which our future growth and prosperity must hinge. The Real Estate Exchange pledges itself to work for the overthrow of the rings and the bosses until the people of New York City can once more have a real voice in its government without asking the permission of ONE MAN.

LONG ago there were rumors in the air that the leader of Tammany had become deeply interested in real estate matters. An attempt was made to get control of the Exchange for the ends of the Tammany tricksters. But it failed, and then the ugly claws of the Tiger were felt unpleasantly. The first move was to start a rival exchange. The next move was to secure the Supreme Court patronage for the rival. The feat was accomplished with ease, which would go to show that the judiciary is not altogether free from the Tammany collar now any more than it was in the days of Tweed.

CAN it be possible that this fact accounts, in some measure, for the sudden accumulation of wealth by certain lucky leaders of the "great organization"? I don't know, but I would like to know, if the lucky leaders would only consent to tell.

Now I have a suggestion to make to the clever men who have taken the contract to down Tammany. Why not, in the first place, concentrate their energies on an investigation of the secret sources of wealth obtained so suddenly and grandly by the people I have vaguely designated as "the lucky leaders"? There are some keen, able lawyers arrayed against Tammany in this latest reform movement. Surely they can contrive some way, even independent of the Legislature, whereby this interesting investigation may be prosecuted successfully.

"THIS is really our own business," say the "lucky leaders." Well, that is precisely the point people would like to see established by other testimony than the mere assurance of the "lucky leaders" themselves, who, just now, are not hitting back worth a cent. It may be the business of that important class called the taxpayers, also.

FAR be it from me even to hint that part of this sudden wealth belongs to the taxpayers. But it may have been acquired in a way that concerns the taxpayers, who are interested in seeing that the government of their city is in the hands of men entitled to public confidence—of men who will not, and have not, abused the trust reposed in them; of men who will not, and have not, employed political power for their own particular enrichment in such a way as we understand has been employed in the case of the rival real-estate exchange. Leaders of the reform, anti-Tammany movement, think well over this suggestion, and see if there be not some practical way of carrying it out.

I SEE the *Herald* has completely changed front about this ridiculous Hawaiian business. It was misled and misdirected too long by Charles Nordhoff and Claus Spreckels. When, in its issue of the 10th inst., it declares that "the sooner we let Hawaii alone, the better it will be for both that and this country," it uses almost the very words I employed long ago. The following paragraphs from its article have a very ONCE A WEEK flavor:

"Meddling can only lead to mischief and foment trouble. Notify the Hawaiians that the policy of this government will be no annexation, no protectorate and no interference. Then let them alone."

The *Herald's* article would have been perfect if it had not spoiled it by stating that the President "went to the constitutional limit of executive power," when he informed the Queen of Hawaii that he would restore her to her throne on certain conditions. There the *Herald* is wrong. The President exceeded his powers in that respect. But people will live to see the *Herald* acknowledge its error therein, also.

VAILLANT, the French bomb-thrower, whose missile exploded in the Chamber of Deputies, December 9, last year, has been found guilty and sentenced to be guillotined. The world will be well rid of such a ruffian, whose wild talk about human rights, inequality of classes and bourgeois society has been only a cloak, perhaps, to deeper designs. The trial of the fellow developed peculiarities in the French jury system that might be worth adopting on this side of the Atlantic. M. Juggle, one of the jurors, falling sick, the Public Prosecutor asked the court to substitute another juror, which was granted. Whenever a juror falls sick here the trial has to fall, too, no matter how far it may have proceeded. It has often struck me as nonsensical that the whole course of justice must be paralyzed by such a mere accident as a juror's unexpected illness.

I DON'T like to see members of Congress reviving the old-time bad habit of calling each other liars and threatening, as Mr. Tracey, of New York, did the other day, to "slap somebody's face." There may be provocation sometimes to excuse a Congressman for branding somebody as a liar. Amos Cummings was certainly sadly provoked by ex-Congressman Sypher in the matter of the naval investigations, but I would have preferred to have seen him under better self-restraint. Bandying words with an ex-carpet-bagger like Sypher is not dignified for an ex-editor. Some time ago the papers reported Amos as calling some person to account for speaking disrespectfully of Boss Croker. That was neither dignified nor nice. When a public man like Amos does a thing like that, he subjects himself to one of two suspicions—either that he is light-headed, or too eager to wear the collar of subservience to the boss. Everybody knows Amos is not light-headed. Tracey's case, I admit, was different. To be called, even inferentially, "cuckoo of the White House," was an offense that ought to make the blood of a New York Congressman boil, and can only be wiped out with gore.

TWO excellent men have been nominated for Congress to fill the seats left vacant by the election of Ashbel P. Fitch as Comptroller, and Colonel Fellows as District-Attorney. The nominees are William L. Brown and Isidor Strauss. Brown is one of those sturdy, independent men who don't believe in wearing collars marked boss. He has opinions of his own, and knows how to impress them. When nearly every member of the New York delegation to the national convention signed a protest against Cleveland's nomination, Brown

refuse pointblank to do so, and came out top of the heap. Unlike the puffed-up little entity, Bragg, who has never boasted of his independence and cleverness. But the people of New York have not bad memories, and Brown will triumph when the day of election comes round. So will Strauss, who is in every way a first-class man. In fact, all the nominees in the districts named are good men, so that whatever be the result of the contest, the country will be safe.

The latest reprehensible sensation exploded is that published by all the morning papers about a certain highly respectable young lady named Miss Barrowcliff, who was found unconscious at the foot of an embankment in a lonely spot in Jersey City, on the evening of December 29. The injuries sustained by the unfortunate girl were of such a serious nature as to deprive her of the power of speech for nearly two weeks after the disaster. Hence the exact circumstances which brought it about remained a mystery. But pending the revelations which she alone could make, the highly imaginative reporters of the morning papers, with characteristic unscrupulousness, vamped up sensational accounts of the affair, of a kind calculated to bring disgrace on the community and to place Miss Barrowcliff in an extremely embarrassing, not to say compromising, light before the public. On the strength of these misrepresentations her supposed assailant became a very real person in the public mind until Miss Barrowcliff, having sufficiently recovered to make a statement, took the wind out of the reporters' sails by declaring that the affair was purely the result of an accident; she happened to miss her footing and was thrown over the embankment. Her friends are righteously indignant at the publicity given to the unpleasant theories by which the police and the press sought to explain away the mystery, and indeed too much blame can scarcely be fixed on those who declared positively that there was evidence of an assault. Next time, it is to be hoped, that zeal for the public safety will not outrun the desire every honest man should feel to shield, by every possible means, the threatened reputation of an innocent woman, especially when the victim is lying unconscious and unable to defend herself from malicious tongues.

GERMANY is in trouble. Berlin's unemployed are meeting and demanding employment from the government. The efforts of the emperor and Caprivi to pass the tobacco tax seemed doomed to failure, with the result that the great German armament will be left without means of support. The Socialist party is gradually propagating democratic ideas antagonistic to the imperial policy. Discontent is arising among the agricultural classes. The industrial situation is such that Germany has accepted reciprocity arrangements with Russia that will still further increase the hostility of landed proprietors. From these conditions, much more than from any outside pressure, may proceed the long-threatened European war, in which Germany will find her enemy, France, more prosperous than ever before, and with no domestic disturbance, except the anarchistic agitation which she seems in a fair way to check with a strong, mailed hand.

The official announcement of the engagement of Mr. Frederick Gebhard, of New York, and Miss Louise Morris, of Baltimore, was given to the public on the 2d inst. The retirement from the large area of publicity that he once occupied, followed by a definitive and happy settling down to married life, is an event upon the consummation of which the many friends of this popular clubman will heartily congratulate him. There is a large future before Mr. Gebhard, and his real ability and fitness for high position are undoubted.

Mr. W. T. STEAD came all the way from England to prove to the people of Chicago that Chicago young men who lead impure and riotous lives are as disreputable as the females of the same persuasion. The notorious ex-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* promises to show up Chicago and then come on here to New York. The questions naturally occur, What would this country have done had Stead not come? And what are the folks "at home" doing in his absence?

THE report is all over Europe by this time that Archduke Otto, nephew of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, attempted to kill himself recently because his wife, Archduchess Marie Joseph of Saxony, threatened to complain to the emperor of the bad treatment she was receiving at the hands of her husband. A rather tame report was given out at the time that Otto accidentally shot himself while practicing with a pistol. The archduke will soon start incognito on a journey to the Orient, first to Egypt and then to Palestine or India. This last statement is official. The rest of the story is given on the authority of the *Paris Figaro*, and what that journal does not get of the authentic inside news of European courts must be kept under lock and key. These alleged unhappy young people were married in 1886, and the archduchess is now in her twenty-fifth year, the archduke being twenty-nine. Presuming that the unhappiness exists, it must be admitted that the aged emperor is acquainted with sorrow in his old age. As some slight consolation to him, however, Archduchess Stephanie, widow of the unfortunate Crown Prince Rudolph, has at last consented to marry Archduke Francis Ferdinand, elder brother of Otto, and heir presumptive to the imperial crown.

It is proposed that Secretary Carlisle issue short-term bonds at a low rate of interest, directly to the people, in denominations not less than twenty dollars. It is believed that mechanics, clerks, laborers and other persons of small or moderate means would soon take up a fifty-million-dollar loan of this kind, thus affording immediate relief to the Treasury. The falling off an-

ticipated in Treasury receipts for the present fiscal year, in consequence of tariff reduction, must be met at once, and it is believed that a popular loan would encounter less opposition than a loan from the bankers. The Government must raise money promptly to supply the deficit and to pay unpaid bills; if the people respond promptly to a popular loan they would be surprised to see how quickly the temporary embarrassment of the Government would be relieved. Why not let the people be the "moneyed power" this once? Let us try it.

POSTMASTER HESING says he will move out unless the Chicago post-office is made more safe. The building, that originally cost three million dollars, is little better than a ruin. Chicago is taking the bitter after the sweet all round. The burning of the World's Fair buildings caused a loss of a million dollars, and the great young city will be blamed for it, more or less. The Anarchists are working among the hungry and semi-criminal unemployed. Smallpox averaged twenty new cases a day last week. Even the faro banks are not safe from the desperadoes. And, then, there is Editor Stead on top of it all. Poor Chicago!

THE Appellate Court of Illinois has rendered a decision in the case of the American Preservers' Company against Andrew D. Bishop that is of much importance to those having suits with that company. Bishop was sued by the company for non-fulfillment of contract, and set up as a defense that the company is a trust and has no legal standing in the courts of Illinois. The Appellate Court decides that the company is not an out-law, that it may sue and recover; if its conduct has been wrong, punishment may be found. There are probably fifty suits pending in which the defense will be the same as Bishop's.

LAST week witnessed two State Senates in New Jersey—one Democratic, the other Republican—in possession of the Senate Chamber. Governor Werts sided with the Democrats, and an indignation meeting was held at Newark at which his impeachment was called for. The dispute will probably be settled without bloodshed, but it seems to be a last desperate attempt of the rings and racetracks to hold on to their power, and there is no telling, as we go to press, what may be the outcome.

REV. PATRICK CORRIGAN, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Grace, Hoboken, N. J., died at the pastoral residence, January 9, of pneumonia. The deceased clergyman had achieved national fame as a champion of the Fairbault plan of uniting parochial and public schools. He was in his fifty-ninth year, more than thirty of which were spent in the service of the church. Ten thousand persons attended the funeral on the 12th inst.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad begins the new year with very bright prospects, above reproach, suspicion or innuendo against the high character which the very name stands for in financial and railroad circles. Its traffic arrangements are perfect, and its treatment of the traveling public has always been characterized by liberality and courtesy. Besides deserving its good luck, the old reliable B. & O. provides for it and earns it.

It appears from the Message on the Hawaiian question sent to Congress by the President last week that the President still favors the restoration of the queen. Lorin A. Thurston, Hawaiian minister to the United States, says force will be met by force, if the restoration is attempted. In the meantime, perhaps right away, Queen Liliuokalani proposes to sue the United States for damages.

TWO Americans, Harden and Glover, were sentenced at Berlin, January 12, to two and a half and one year's imprisonment, respectively, for stealing a large quantity of gold and precious stones from Berlin jewelers. The Crown prosecutors spoke of them as members of a dangerous international gang of thieves.

THE gloomy condition of Italy and the outbreak in Sicily are causing uneasiness in European diplomatic circles. The country seems to be on the verge of bankruptcy. The king is reported to have recently deposited his private fortune of ten million dollars in a London bank.

DR. DAVID WILSON was at one time among the leading physicians of Ohio. He owned a drug store in Cincinnati that he closed up twelve years ago, saying that Satan told him to do so. He then retired and lived the life of a recluse until January 11, when he died at his residence near Rolinson, Ill. He owned about twenty thousand acres of land in Rolinson and Lawrence Counties, Illinois.

A PLOT has been discovered against the life of the czar. The discovery was made through the seizure of Nihilist circulars forwarded by postal officials in Praszka and Rudnik in Russian Poland. The circulars were sent by the students' revolutionary society. The postal officials have been arrested, and many other persons compromised have fled to escape arrest.

ROSCOE PARKER, colored, sixteen years old, was lynched by a mob in Adams County, Ohio, on the 12th inst., for the murder of an aged couple, Mr. Rhine and wife, with whom he worked. The victim protested his innocence, and refused to pray; but the mob strung him up after three attempts, and then riddled the body with bullets.

GREAT BRITAIN is in communication with this country with a view to co-operating in the destruction of derelicts in the Atlantic. The British Foreign Office and Board of Trade are both attending to the matter, says Mr. Gladstone.

It is reported that Budd Doble, who was married to Miss MacDonald at Chicago on the 11th inst., was the successful rival of a millionaire leather merchant of Boston. Well, Mr. Doble must have some money by this time himself.

WORLD'S FAIR exhibitors who lost money by the recent burning in Chicago have no means of obtaining damages except by Congressional legislation. Shall we do the handsome thing?—or is the country too pinched for money?

THE United Mines Company has been incorporated in Colorado with five million dollars capital stock. The base of its operations will be at Creede, where it owns several valuable properties.

By the collapse of a flimsy footbridge over Newtown Creek, Long Island, January 12, one hundred persons were thrown into the water, of whom nine are mourned as dead.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON CUTTING, SR., a prominent New York broker, clubman and society man, dropped dead of apoplexy in a Broadway cable car on the 13th inst.

EMILE GABORIAUX'S DETECTIVE STORY.

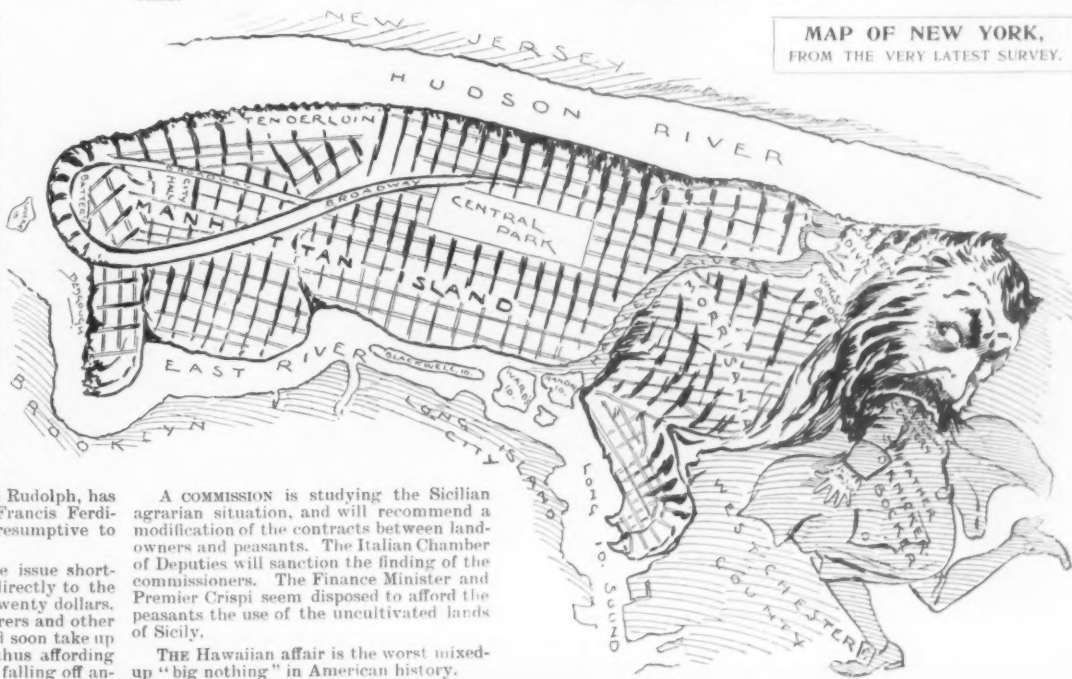
THE second installment of "Monsieur Lecoq" will be mailed to all regular subscribers with Vol. XII., No. 16, of ONCE A WEEK. We shall do our best to supply the first installment of this curiously fascinating narrative to new subscribers; but the ONCE A WEEK subscription list has taken such an unexpected leap forward that those who do not subscribe at once may miss the first installment. The large extra edition of the latter is being rapidly exhausted, and it has been found advisable to issue a much greater edition of the second than our subscription list at present calls for.

It must be borne in mind that "Monsieur Lecoq" is not a conventional detective story. It is the work of a master hand—one of the greatest masters of modern fiction; a writer who has, perhaps, a keener faculty than any of them for penetrating into the motives, causes and workings of that great organized system of crime that is the product of modern conditions. The work as a whole is so instructive, as well as so entertaining, that we trust none of our patrons will miss any of the installments.

WHEN DOES THE NINETEENTH CENTURY END?

TO THE subscriber whose correct answer to the above query is first received at this office on or after February 1 we will give a leather medal and one year's subscription free to ONCE A WEEK. Answers received before February 1 will not be taken into account. We make this rule in order to give to all our subscribers an equal advantage. This announcement must be cut out and inclosed with each answer.

MAP OF NEW YORK.
FROM THE VERY LATEST SURVEY.



A COMMISSION is studying the Sicilian agrarian situation, and will recommend a modification of the contracts between landowners and peasants. The Italian Chamber of Deputies will sanction the finding of the commissioners. The Finance Minister and Premier Crispi seem disposed to afford the peasants the use of the uncultivated lands of Sicily.

THE Hawaiian affair is the worst mixed-up "big nothing" in American history.



WILLIAM L. BROWN,
Democratic candidate for Congress in the Fourteenth District of New York.

THEY must think George Gould has money to burn, but he has not. He has several railroads on his hands, and it takes money to run a railroad nowadays. But that is neither here nor there. The forty thousand dollars and expenses of litigation, European travel and other incidentals demanded by Mrs. Zella Nicolaus would not be a serious drain upon the resources of the young multi-millionaire; but nobody seems to know what it is for, or on what ground, pretext or threat it is demanded. If Mr. Gould is in the same condition of nescience, it is an outrage to have his name or the family name connected with such a demand. And now Edson C. Chick demands one hundred thousand dollars from Mr. Gould for services connected with the Aldine publication. Mr. Chick exhibits an honorable discharge from the Morris Plains Asylum. Times are becoming so tedious that it is not nice to be a millionaire, except on the sly.

SPAIN demands five million dollars from the sultan of Morocco, a neutral zone around Melilla five hundred meters broad, and about everything else Spain thinks she can get. Considering that Melilla is not worth a cent, and that Spain's position there affords her an occasional chance to quarrel with the Riffs, the opinion prevails that Spain is in Melilla for revenue only.

MOST people were surprised the other day when the cable announced the death of Mrs. Thackeray, widow of William Makepeace Thackeray, the great English novelist. The general impression was that the lady had died years ago. It turns out that for forty years she was the inmate of a private lunatic asylum at a place called Aden Lodge, Leigh, England.

IT really does look as if the present Legislature of this State might abolish the New York City Board of Police Commissioners. The only sensible way is to have one head to the police, and that head subject to removal by the mayor.

SOME United States Senators are feeling hurt because President Cleveland does not consult with them about nominations. Senators Hill and Murphy, of the Empire State, are supposed to be unusually affected in this way.

MR. GLADSTONE now has three hundred and fifty-three votes to his opponents' three hundred and eighteen.

THE New York Chamber of Commerce opposes vigorously the idea of an income tax. Of course.



ISIDOR STRAUSS,
Democratic candidate for Congress in the Fifteenth District of New York.

DR. A. G. FINNEY, of St. Louis, and Dr. Goggan, of Chicago, are fitting out an expedition to find two million dollars in gold alleged to have been hidden during the war near Funk's Landing, Ill.

THE New York State Federation of Labor passed a resolution, by a vote of 23 to 17, indorsing the action of Governor Altgeld of Illinois in pardoning Neebe, Fielden and Schwab.

THE *Paris Journal des Debats* urges the French Government to collect damages for the French exhibits destroyed at Chicago.

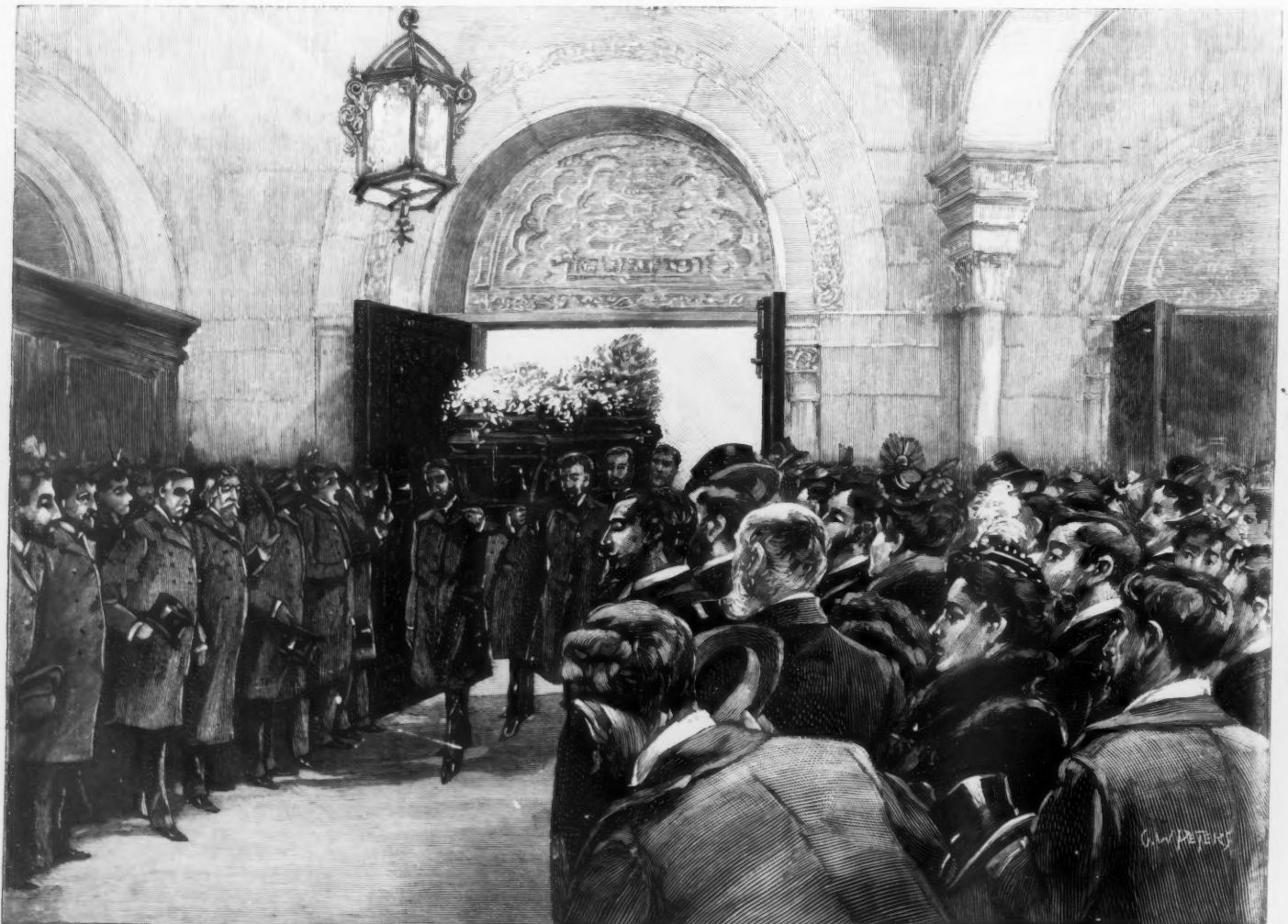
EDWARD RYAN died at Boston on the 12th inst., of old age, being one hundred and nine.

A GOOD MAN GONE.

THE late Martin B. Brown, public printer of the city of New York, was a man of rare goodness of heart, and his loss will be widely deplored. He had the confidence and respect of all with whom he came in contact. He was highly popular among workmen, with whom his considerate kindness was often a power for good. He has left behind him a memoir that will not soon fade into forgetfulness.



THE LATE ADOLPH SANGER.



FUNERAL OF ADOLPH SANGER AT THE TEMPLE EMANU-EL.

THE death of a prominent member of the Jewish faith, such as the late Adolph Sanger was, deserves more than the passing notice we gave it in our last number. Therefore we give an illustration in this issue of the scene at his funeral, which took place in the Temple Emanu-El, on Fifth Avenue. We also publish his likeness, taken from one of the very latest photographs of the lamented deceased in the possession of his family.

VISITING IN TURKEY AND PERSIA

AMONG the most interesting features of life in Persia are the New Year customs, and the elaborate etiquette which guides the interchange of social courtesies in that country. The religion, and some of the laws, have changed from time to time in Persia, but the rigidity of its social code seems to have undergone no perceptible change since the time of Darius.

Our space allows us to give only a few of the chief details in this remarkable system. The first consideration in the matter of visiting in that country is rank. A cat may look on a king, and almost any one may pay his respects to a Persian, but the way he is received depends wholly on his rank. Merit has nothing to do with it.

The various shades of deportment to be manifested on a visit between two gentlemen in Persia are so numerous and minute that we can only suggest the range of its possibilities by describing a visit between gentlemen of the upper class and of approximate rank. The one who is to pay the visit sends a note inquiring whether a call will be acceptable at such a day and hour; or he sends a verbal message by his *moonchee*, or secretary; the reply will be in corresponding style, either written or verbal. Under no circumstances can one pay a visit without prior notice of at least several hours, except in the case of very intimate friends. In two or three of the larger cities one may now go in his carriage, attended by outriders. But the usual custom is still to go on horseback, with a cortege of mounted attendants. The *gildador*, or equerry, leads the van, and the party thread their way solemnly through the streets and bazaars, knocking over a few dogs and beggars on the way. On approaching the mansion of the host a *ferdach* gallops ahead to give notice, and meets a mounted servant watching for the guest; he, in turn, immediately urges his horse, *entre à terre*, for the house, where he announces that the visitor is at hand.

On dismounting at the small entrance to the grounds, which gives no hint of the sumptuousness within, the guest is met by several liveried attendants, who at once precede him with the utmost respect, and leading him through spacious gardens and courts, escort him to the reception-room, where the master of the house awaits him. And now occurs a remarkable exhibition of calculation and *finesse*. If the guest is of equal or superior rank, the host runs forward to the very door, and even into the vestibule, with such anxious eagerness as almost to tumble over himself, and escorts the visitor to his seat. But if the latter be of inferior rank, then, according to the degree of inferiority, he awaits him in the middle of the room, or standing a few feet from his seat, or simply standing there, and, perhaps, merely

greeting him without even rising from his seat. To award to the guest a jot more than socially belongs to him is to lower one's self irretrievably, for the man who undervalues his position in Persia will never recover from the effects of his mistaken modesty. If, on the other hand, the host fails to allow the visitor all the deference that belongs to him, he renders himself liable to profound affronts. The visitor, likewise, who happens to assume more than his rank allows will be promptly made to remember his actual position.

For example, a visitor once inadvertently accepted a pipe offered him by the attendant before the master of the house, who was of higher rank. The latter immediately growled to the attendant, "Take the pipe from that son of a burned father; wash it in five waters, and relight it before you offer it to me!"

On another occasion, at a state dinner given by one of the European envoys, at Teheran, two high Persian gentlemen left the table in the utmost indignation because assigned to the wrong places, and they could not be induced to return. The *mustofee ul mamolik*, or great prime minister of the present reign, told me that

the next in rank, and it goes round, always according to rank.

In Persia the pipe is invariably the water-pipe, called by the Turks *narghileh*, but by the Persians *kaliân*. The tobacco used is of a species called *tumbâk*, which grows only in Persia. It has a flavor faintly suggesting sandalwood, and if smoked in the natural state causes vertigo. It is necessary, therefore, to soak it like a sponge, and draw the smoke through water, which has the effect of softening it. But wet tobacco lights with difficulty, and is soon extinguished. Hence, a live coal must be placed on the *tumbâk*; that is, of charcoal made from the hard wood of the root of the grapevine. To clean and light a *kaliân* is no small task, and, in a large household, almost the entire time of one man is devoted to looking after the pipes.

The Persians, although Mohammedans, are descendants of the fire-worshippers; and thus they still retain the New Year of the latter, which comes at the spring solstice, in March. This is the great occasion of the year for universal exchange of visits, which are then made with somewhat less formality and more brevity than at other times. Every one of high and low degree, of both sexes, puts on a new suit of clothes, and the reception-room of every house is spread with numerous dishes piled with cakes and confectionery, which are arranged sometimes on tables, but generally on the floor. The visitor is expected to taste them in order that he may begin the New Year with a pleasant flavor in his mouth. The festival continues ten days, thus giving all an opportunity to make and return calls.

The Shah celebrates the first day of the New Year with a great and unique ceremony, such as has been annually practiced in Persia for thousands of years. Only very few Europeans have been admitted to see it. Shortly before the astrologers announce that the sun is about to cross the line, the high dignitaries of the government, arrayed in their magnificent court costumes, arrange themselves, according to rank, in the superb audience chamber of the palace. All stand except the great *mollahs*, or priests. The *Shah-in-Shah*, with stately step, proceeds up the hall between the double row of high grandees and seats himself, Persian fashion, before the famous peacock-throne, on a rug embroidered with pearls.

Without going into all the details of the ceremony, it may be said that the highest member of the present dynasty below the Shah distributes gold coins to all present, in order to begin the New Year with money in hand. The Shah

then burns incense in a brazier. When the astrologers announce that the sun has crossed the line, he takes up a splendid Koran, presses it to his lips and forehead, and fervently exclaims: "*Mambarik baw-shée!*" (May it be propitious to you). A *mollah* then chants a noble invocation to the Deity. All the personages present then advance, according to rank, kneel before the sovereign and receive a handful of gold coin from salvers loaded with coin, which are placed between salvers containing the fruits of earth and water.

After this impressive ceremony his majesty receives the diplomatic corps, who present themselves with great state. The ceremonies of the day close with a royal audience given to the people in a beautiful pavilion in the grounds of the palace. Seated on a throne mounted on marble figures, facing a vast courtyard and pool, the sovereign sees his people thronging before him between lines of royal guards, and listens to a congratulatory ode recited by one of the official bards of



SCENE IN A TURKISH CAFE.

he had not smoked for thirty years because one of slightly inferior rank had, on a certain occasion, taken the pipe before himself. To avoid the possibility of the recurrence of such an affront, he abandoned tobacco.

The end of the room furthest from the entrance is the place of honor. The sofa, rug, or chairs, as the case may be, which are to be occupied by host and guest, are equidistant from the door, if both gentlemen are of equal rank, and the corner is the choice place of the two. On arriving there a friendly, but almost farcical, contest occurs as to which shall occupy that seat. After being seated, they look toward each other, with the right hand on the heart, and bow profoundly. Honeymoon compliments are then exchanged, it being customary for the host to reply, when questioned as to his health: "I have been feeling somewhat poorly; but, God be praised! since you have honored my humble roof by your presence, my indisposition has entirely passed away."

It should be stated that after saluting the host, the guest bows in turn to any visitors or members of the family who may be present, graduating the order and character of his bow to the position in which they are seated, which infallibly shows their rank. No further introduction is required.

Refreshments follow, and form a very important item in the etiquette of a Persian visit. Every Persian household of the middle and upper classes has a *pishketmet*, whose sole duty it is to have charge of the pipes and the preparation and presentation of the refreshments. He has several assistants. Everything is served with due order and deliberation, time not being an element worth considering in Persia. Such a visit, out of respect to all concerned, cannot well be less than an hour, lasting generally from one to two hours and a half.

If it be the warm season, some form of sherbet, or an agreeable drink made of limes and called *tourchee*, is first served. During the cool months tea well sweetened, but without milk, is served instead, in small glasses. Then follow pipes; then tea again; then pipes, and finally coffee, *à la Turque*. The serving of the latter, which is done by audible order of the host, is a signal that the limit of the visit has been reached, and the guest requests permission to leave. The host accompanies him to the exact spot where he received him, and not a step further.

The etiquette for offering the refreshments is of the most precise character. The slightest error would be an unpardonable affront, and one must also have very good reasons for declining any of the refreshments. The best way, if one cannot endure so much tea, coffee and tobacco, is to appear to make a pretense of partaking of them.

On entering the room, the *pishketmet* and his assistants must leave their shoes at the door, and retire backward after serving the refreshments. He and his assistants must be equal in number to the number of gentlemen present who are of equal rank. Each bears a cup or pipe in his hand; they advance with equal steps and present host and guest, when of equal rank, with cup or pipe at the same identical instant. But if there be one present decidedly superior in rank to all the others, then he is served distinctly first; and in such a case only one pipe is generally brought, which is offered to him. He makes a pretense of offering it, in turn, to the other gentlemen, but is very careful to have the first smoke himself. They also, if they know what is good for them, are quite careful not to accept the offer. After taking a few whiffs, he then passes the pipe to



PERSIAN EWER FOR HOLDING WATER.

the realm. A prominent dignitary then presents the congratulations and aspirations of the people, and the Shah, in a few pleasant words, expresses the royal content with his subjects and his hopes for the welfare of the ancient realm. Altogether, the ceremonials of the New Year in Persia are unsurpassed in any other country for significance and impressiveness.

The Turks, coming more directly, by means of their



BOWL OF A PERSIAN PIPE WITH STEM REMOVED.

rapid conquests, from the condition of nomads to the practice of the civilization of the races they encountered in their westward march, have in their social system many of the customs of the Persians and Byzantine Greeks, together with some customs of their own, and rather more of sincerity and simplicity, if also less fluency in conversation, than either Byzantines or Persians. The reception-room of the Turkish gentleman is always furnished with a divan reaching entirely across the upper end of the room, and sometimes part of the way down the sides. There is no nonsense about a Turkish divan. It is meant for use and wear and tear, and for solid comfort, and not in the least for show, like some of the fluffy and trumpery articles we make and call divans in America. Several thick mattresses are laid to the height of twenty-five to thirty inches from the floor, on a platform which is from three and a half to four feet wide. Soft but durable rugs are spread over the top, and ample cushions flank the entire structure, which are hard enough to yield substantial support to the back. One may sleep on the divan, may sit there with his feet under him, and his books and writing about him, and, in fact, live there raised above the cold drafts on the floor in winter, and enjoying the cool breezes from the open windows in summer.

The visitor calling on a Turkish gentleman, whether for business or pleasure, may occupy the divan with him, if so entitled by rank; otherwise, he occupies a stool, or stands at some spot between the divan and the door, whose exact distance from either is carefully defined by custom, but may be modified by the mood or whim of the big man who sits in the corner of the divan.

The Turks smoke the *narghileh* somewhat, but the distinctly national method of smoking is with the *tebi-book*, or pipe, made of red baked clay, and with a stem five to seven feet long. The bowl of the pipe rests on a small brass disk, called a *tapsee*, and bright as a dollar fresh from the mint. The attendant, called a *teibook-gee*, measures the distance with his eye, so as to place the brass disk and the pipe-bowl on the floor at such a point that when he drops on his knee and turns the stem to the visitor, the amber mouthpiece reaches exactly to his lips; this is a matter of practice, and is considered highly essential. When the guest is seated, the host and any other guests who may be present, bow to him, and say: "*Sabâhiniz hairolah*," or, "*Aksham sherifler hairolah*," according to the time of day, if he is of the same town, and "*Hash geldân, sefah geldân*," if he is from a distance. The guest returns the salutation to each, individually. The conversation is dignified, but somewhat heavy and commonplace, the genuine Turk being more a man of action than of words. In a Persian mansion, on the other hand, conversation is sprightly and spiced with anecdotes, witticisms, occasional laughter, and frequent quotations from the poets.

Tea does not appear with the refreshments served at a Turkish visit, but only coffee. The rank of the guest is clearly indicated by the order given for serving the coffee; if of high rank, the host cries, "*Kavch smarâ*," but if he be of low degree the order is, "*Kavch getir*." But if the guest outranks the host, then he gives the directions. On hearing the order the *kavchee*, or coffee-server, presents himself at the foot of the apartment, bearing a tray in front of him on which are little coffee pots and tiny cups. The other attendants cluster around him, each taking a cup, and, with measured step, slowly march up to the divan. The cups are placed in holders, called *zarfs*, of silver, gold or brass, often elegantly wrought, sometimes of open filigree and set with gems. The bottom of the *zarf* is concave, and the attendant is thus able to hold the *zarf* in such a manner that the guest may take it without touching the fingers of the attendant.

After the coffee, the guest asks permission to retire, and the host replies, according to the rank of the guest, "*Derlet ikbalileh*" (with the fortune of a prince); or, "*saadet ileh*" (with prosperity); or, "*saghlig ileh*" (with health). He then rises and escorts the guest to such a point as he is entitled, according to his rank.

When Persian or Turkish ladies exchange visits—of course they visit only their own sex—the ceremonial and compliments differ little from those already described among gentlemen. But to the refreshments of the latter, including pipes, are added ample supplies of fruits, pastry and confectionery, with which the guest is constantly plied, hesitation to stuff to the last point of repletion being considered as implying lack of cordiality.

The Turks, unlike the Persians, date their New Year from the Hegira. As they divide the year by lunar months, the arrival of that festival varies slightly each year. At Teheran, the Shah of Persia has a pleasant custom of sending ten servants in royal livery to each legation, when the Christian New Year arrives, each bearing on his head a large basket of confectionery. These baskets are laid on the pavement in the courtyard of the ministerial residence, where they remain until sunset. Thus, every New Year's Day at the United States Legation, the odd sight might be seen of several bushels of candy laid before the door. At the end of the day, the contents are distributed among the various members and households of the legation. Fortunately, several physicians live within call, and no serious results have ever been reported.

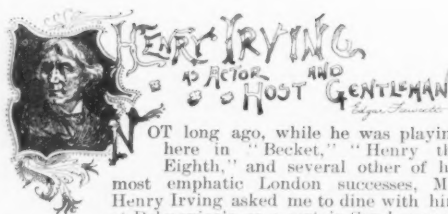
A SYNONYM.

Teacher—"Compare the word 'pure.'"
Dick Hicks—"Positive, pure; comparative, purer; superlative, Whatshisname's baking powder."

Maude—"I hope there won't be a legacy tax! Poor Aunt Jane is very low."
Mabel (looking at the *Herald*)—"No; I fancy the tax will be on 'corporate investments.'"
Maude—"What's that, anyhow?"
Mabel (who has studied Latin roots)—"It's—a—oh!—don't you know—some kind of waistcoats, I fancy."

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.



NOT long ago, while he was playing here in "Becket," "Henry the Eighth," and several other of his most emphatic London successes, Mr. Henry Irving asked me to dine with him at Delmonico's, on a certain Sunday evening in latter November. I accepted with sincerest pleasure, and believed that, this time, the entertainment would be a small one. I say "this time," for Mr. Irving has repeatedly paid me the honor of making me his guest, both here and in London, and whenever he has done so, the gathering has been large and the feast princely. In London, he often gives his banquets where the famous old "Beefsteak Club" once stood, within an edifice whose chambers have now been made to connect, by mazy and dusky and delightful passages, with the rear of the Lyceum Theatre. If one chances, as in my case, to be an American, he is sure of meeting at least four or five compatriots at these brilliant repasts. The viands are faultless, the wines super-excellent, the profusion, the distinction, the tone, is unsurpassable.

It was all quite the same, I found, at our own Delmonico's, "the other evening." Instead of the modest little *coterie* for which I had, somehow, prepared myself, the company numbered five-and-twenty men, and for luxury and splendor the dinner could not have been easily rivaled. There would lurk a taint of vulgar betrayal in my record of what costly vintages were poured into our glasses, and what special idealizations in the way of food tempted our palates. But one sat, nevertheless, at the immense circular board in Delmonico's well-known "red room," and wondered to himself if more delicious cheer had ever emanated from his kitchen and his wine-vaults.

Mr. Irving, placid and exquisitely courteous as always, chose to dispense with "speeches," when the time came for the coffee and cigars. But, in a gentle and charmingly urbane way, he spoke across the table, to "Mark Twain," of a certain witty story which that celebrated humorist had once told him, and presently, while he still remained seated, the author of "Innocents Abroad" pierced us with laughter. Then others told tales, and the perfume of the flowers became scandalously deadened by aromas from the costliest of cigars. After a while the guests vacated their seats, interchanging them. Mr. Howells was there, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and General Horace Porter, and Mr. Gilder, and Mr. Laurence Hutton, and the new celebrity, young Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and many another big-brained and companionable guest.

While *Romanée Conti* of choicest flavor was crisscrossing the glasses at our elbows, a man leaned toward me and said: "Isn't this just like Irving? He's forever entertaining in this lavish way. He's the most generous Englishman I've ever met."

The compliment was surely no less lordly than inclusive. For my own part, I could not refrain from indorsing it, though I have certain lively remembrances of very gracious English hospitality. But generosity and geniality make, I think, a singular note of sweetness in Henry Irving's character. Singular seems this note, because one who watches him on the stage in his roles which have most astonished and enthralled—roles

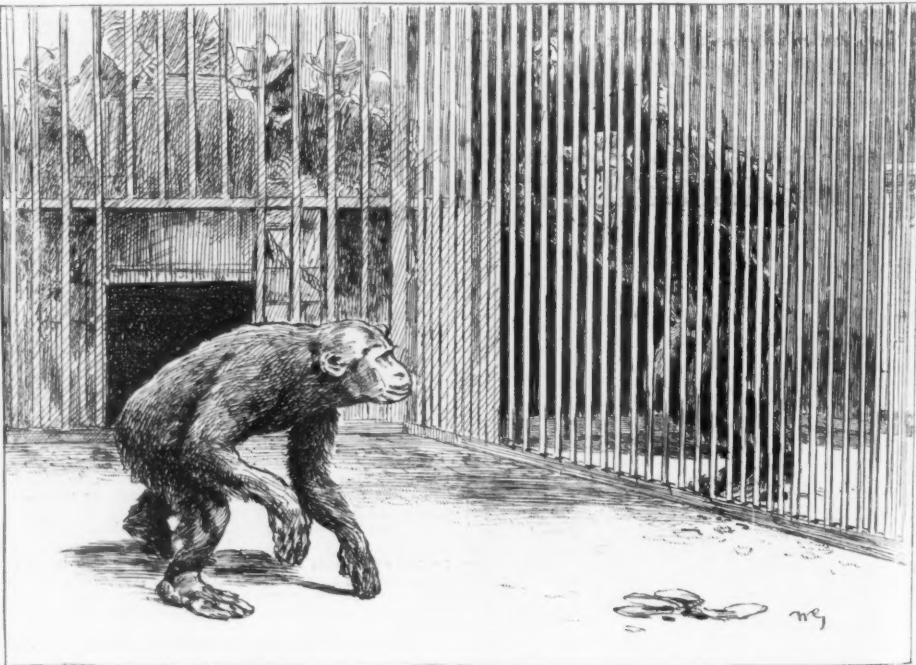
like those of *Mathias*, in "The Bells," or like the double personation in "The Lyons Mail," or like "Louis the Eleventh"—would scarcely believe that any actor who could so terribly and potently vivify for us the most gloomy and greswome phases of human experience, could wreath the face we have felt to be so saturnine, austere and even sinister, in smiles of the richest and merriest good-humor. Yet this capacity of change is true of Mr. Irving, and to meet him "off the stage" is to meet a polished English gentleman of the sort that one would call charmingly affable and engaging, even if he were not known to be the great actor that he is.

A great actor he unquestionably is, though a strangely unequal one. I am not, in this brief paper, presuming to "criticise" him, nor do I hold myself at all capable of such office, under any literary conditions. But it seems to me irrefutable that his poignant and splendid intellectuality separate him from every living artist of his time. Others may be more felicitous, graceful, adroit, winsome, but none can tell us of the soul as Irving can. Few will deny, for example, that there have been *Hamlets* comelier and statelier than his. But in the scenes between *Hamlet* and the *Ghost*, in the utterance of "Oh, my prophetic soul! mine uncle!" Irving appals us with his peerless naturalism. He literally sees a specter here, just as in the "Bells" he literally commits a murder. There is no compromise between what one calls art and what one calls fact. He makes art fact, and fact art. In one case it is actual horror of the supernatural; in the other case it is actual perpetration of crime, even though the hideous deed is rehearsed before the audience rather than perpetrated.

At the recent dinner of which I have spoken, Mr. Irving had some interesting things to say about Tennyson, while a small group surrounded him, of which I chanced to be a lucky member. As we all know, he was an intimate friend of the great dead poet, and often visited him at Haslemere. Tennyson, with all his genius, we learned, was not an adroit playwright, and needed a practical assistant and mentor. He constantly forgot the use of dramatic effect, and was too prone to smother it in his beautiful and noble language. A little while before he died he asked when Irving would produce his "Becket" in London. They answered him that the play would most probably appear in May. "May?" he murmured. "I shall not live so long! Ah! they did not do me justice with my 'Promise of May'!" (a drama, it will be remembered, which had signally failed a few years before), "but Irving, I am sure, will do me justice!" After a slight pause the speaker added, with one of his grave, captivating smiles: "I liked that; I liked that!"

And well he may have treasured so rich a confidence in his great abilities, both as actor and stage-manager, from the one master English-writing poet of the century. How amply Irving, by his production of "Becket," has justified this confidence we have lately been permitted, in our own metropolis, to observe. I would add that, in speaking of Tennyson's well-known gruffness and bluntness of manner, Irving meditatively and fondly said: "He was a grand creature; he was a great Newfoundland dog—with a soul! And such a splendid soul!" What could have been more expressive and forceful?

Cholly—"I'm getting too old to be interfered with, and I gave them to understand it."
Algie—"Have a wow with the Gov'nor?"
Cholly—"No; nurse wanted to spank me, and I webbled."



THE INTRODUCTION OF MISS JOHANNA TO COLONEL CHIKO AT CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

THE recent arrival in New York of Miss Johanna, the chimpanzee, from Lisbon, and her introduction to Col. Chiko, of Central Park, caused as much excitement in some quarters as if she had been a foreign princess, surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of royalty.

The two queer brutes now occupy adjoining cages in Central Park. Chiko is much superior in size and strength to Johanna, and some fears are entertained for the lady's safety, if, in the event of domestic bickerings, her future lord and master shows his wicked temper by employing drastic measures toward his spouse.

The first meeting of the chimpanzees was not characterized with much ceremony. As soon as Johanna was released from her box, and admitted to the cage adjoining Chiko's, the two rushed together and rubbed heads in the friendliest fashion between the bars, while at the same time muttering strange sounds, which doubtless meant courteous inquiries for each other's health, in the best chimpanzeeese.

Our illustration presents a suggestive view of this worthy couple. Chiko seems to be administering a lecture, while Johanna crouches in abject submission to her lord.



EDISON'S FATHER

THOROUGHLY capable, distinguished men, it will be found, usually have thoroughly capable and remarkable parents; although both conditions were fulfilled. His mother was a Canadian, a very intelligent woman, and very competent school-teacher; a great favorite with her pupils. His father was Samuel Edison, a plain, simple business man, born in Nova Scotia, but of American parentage, and old Dutch stock. He was, in some respects, more remarkable than his first wife, who was the mother of our great inventor, Thomas Alva Edison, the creator of the incandescent electric light, the phonograph, the kinetograph and innumerable other electrical improvements.

Some years ago, when I was at the laboratory of Thomas Edison, in Orange, N. J., I saw an elderly, or, rather, a middle-aged-looking man of tall figure, strong, sturdy frame, with whitish beard and mustache closely covering the lower face and lips; a large, well-developed head, and an expression of mingled strength, self-reliance and fun beaming quietly from his countenance. A latent smile seemed to make itself felt through his close-cropped mustache and whiskers, and radiated from the humorous wrinkles around the corners of his eyes. His height, size and general mien were striking. Yet, he was so simply dressed, and his appearance was so quiet, so unobtrusive, that one might easily have passed him by with the idea that he was a good-natured countryman, who had somehow wandered into the laboratory without having any special business or any particular right to be there.

We were standing in the general passageway, by the great reception-room and library. Yet, even to that passageway, few persons could be admitted; for the rules which controlled access to the laboratory were far more strict than those which govern approach to the President of the United States. While I was looking at the stalwart "stranger," as he seemed to be, Thomas Edison, with whom I had been talking a moment before, advanced and said: "Lathrop, this is my father!"

The sedate, half-rustic gentleman at once held out his hand, greeting me cordially; though he did not know me from any other of the sons of Adam.

Never was there a more complete reversal of a situation. The seeming "stranger" whom I had been observing was the father of the great inventor; the man without whom no Thomas Edison, and no Edison Laboratory, could have existed; while I, who was on friendliest terms in the place, and had been wondering who this man might be, had suddenly become the real stranger, and felt almost like an interloper.

Samuel Edison was as simple and sterling in character as in his manners. He was born in Nova Scotia, August 7, 1803. His ancestors were Dutch millers on the Zuyder Zee, in Holland, who came to Elizabeth, N. J., soon after Manhattan Island was colonized. His grandfather was a New York banker during the war of the Revolution, and signed many of the currency notes then in circulation with his name, "John Edison." Samuel Edison's father removed to Nova Scotia, but Samuel himself returned to the United States, and went to Milan, O., where Thomas A. Edison was born. In 1854 he changed his abode to Port Huron, Mich., where Thomas began his career as a newsboy on the railroad trains, making money for himself and his parents, and, by his own intelligent inquiries, gaining his first knowledge of chemistry and electricity.

Samuel Edison came of a race of long-lived ances-

regiment. Not long after I had made the acquaintance of Edison père, or, Father Edison, as people came to call the venerable, vigorous man. I also met, at the house of Thomas Edison, in Llewellyn Park, Orange, the elder brother of the inventor, whose name was Pitt Edison. He, too, was a sturdy, thickset man, as simple and unostentatious as his father and his illustrious brother; but he really looked almost older than his father, and he died at a period only a little beyond middle-age; showing that longevity and vital force do not always descend in equal degree to the sons of one father.

Samuel Edison proceeded on the even tenor of his way, long after his son Thomas—or, as he preferred to call him, "Al" (from his middle name, Alva)—had gained worldwide fame. He worked and traded, and acquired a good deal of property in the way of real estate and houses in or about Port Huron, which gave him a sufficient income for his ordinary needs, and those of his family by his second marriage. Thomas, when the days of his prosperity came, sent the old gentleman a handsome yearly allowance, which he probably did not spend, but laid up; since, though by no means parsimonious, he was frugal and thrifty. His son has told how he sent his father to Europe, with a



SAMUEL EDISON, FATHER OF THE INVENTOR.

highly gifted companion, James Symington by name, whom he employed steadily as companion to Father Edison. "I gave them a letter of credit for fifteen hundred dollars," said Thomas Edison. "They bought first-class tickets out; but the rich food, and the airs of the cabin passengers, they said, were too rich for their blood, so they came home in the steerage. Felt more natural, they said." I remember well, when Edison bought his magnificent house and lands at Llewellyn Park, how, in showing me through the villa that was to be his home, he said that, for his own personal comfort, he would rather have a big plain room, with a plain board flooring instead of luxurious carpets. This seems to be in keeping with his parent's simple tastes.

Well, Father Edison went to Europe with Symington, and was gone three and a half months. They visited Glasgow, traveled through England, Germany and France; lived in fifth-class hotels, and rode third-class on the railroads, "and when the old gentleman came back he showed me six hundred and fifty dollars," said his son. As an instance of his self-reliance and energy, it may be mentioned that, when he wanted to go from Paris to Versailles—not knowing exactly what railroad he ought to take—he set out on foot and walked the whole distance—fifteen miles. At the age of seventy-six he came to visit his son at Menlo Park, where the first Edison laboratory stood. Approaching the station, he found that he had taken the wrong train. It did not stop at Menlo. But he seized his bag and jumped from the platform of the car. "He was pretty badly used up," said his son, "when he came up to the laboratory. His clothes were torn, and his face was scratched. He was more crestfallen than hurt, I believe, and said to me: 'I tell you, Tom, I wouldn't do it again for ten dollars!'"

Finally the old gentleman acknowledged that the reason for his extraordinary leap was that he remembered how Thomas, or, "Al," in his newsboy days, had been in the habit of jumping from trains, a mile distant from the depot, so as to reach his news route without delay. But Thomas, with the inventive shrewdness that accompanied him all through his career, had caused several loads of sand to be dumped near the track, at the spot where he wanted to leap off, and on the soft bed thus prepared he always landed safely and comfortably. His athletic progenitor, even at the age of seventy-six, was unwilling to be "stumped" by the feat which the lad used to perform. He thought he was able to do the same thing. In fact, he had "sand" enough for it, in his composition; but he forgot that it was more important to have his sand on the ground.

His physical powers held out against a still severer test when he was eighty-seven years old, and was at-

tacked with pneumonia. He was unconscious the better part of ten days, and his doctors believed he could not survive. Finally, when no further telegrams were received as to his condition, Thomas grew very anxious, and wired to Port Huron for further news. The answer came back that his father was about town again, looking a little thin, but "feeling first-rate." Symington, his salaried companion, though a man of sixty-five, was always called by the senior Edison "the young fellow." In an interview giving some account of Father Edison, Thomas described him as "brimming over with good-humor and a great gayer. His principal occupation, outside of paying what taxes he does not forget, is talking politics with 'the young fellow,' and playing practical jokes on people. He was generally easy and always got skinned in a deal. He is a pessimist on the human race, but an optimist on the world and nature generally."

"Father has always been a rebel, a regular red-hot copperhead Democrat, and General Jackson was his hero. I notice that he is not so vehement in his arguments as he used to be. Theoretically, he is a Democrat, but practically I do not think he is."

The old gentleman, on the other hand, when visited in his plain farmhouse home at Port Huron, in his ninetieth year, had something of interest to say about the great inventor. Replying to the question, "Was he a remarkably smart boy?" he said, with a chuckle: "Why, no, not at all. Some folks thought he was a little addled, I believe. Teachers told us to keep him in the streets, for he would never make a scholar. All he ate went to support his brain, and not his body, and he was puny. He was forever asking me questions, and when I would tell him I didn't know, he would say, 'Why don't you know?' When he was twelve years old he used to say to his mother: 'Ma, I'm a bushel of wheat. I weigh just sixty pounds.' His mother was splendidly educated and had great natural ability, and Tom was like her." Men of genius usually inherit their leading characteristics from their mothers. This appears to have been true of Thomas Edison, also. Yet, in spite of his puny physique as a boy, he evidently inherited his father's sturdy fiber and astounding endurance. Nothing else would have enabled him to undergo the enormous labors he has borne in his work of experiment and invention; toiling all night and most of the day for years, and, frequently, forty-eight hours at a stretch without sleep. The famous son likewise inherits much of that abounding fun, humor and animal spirits, which caused the elder Edison, even in his ninetieth year, to cut pigeon-wings as he walked, to play practical jokes, and to exclaim with glee: "I can whip any man of my age in the county!"

Samuel Edison was twice married; and by his second wife he had three children, the youngest daughter having been born when the father was seventy-nine. Neither he nor his other children seem ever to have been puffed up with pride on account of their relationship to the world-renowned Thomas, who to them remained just their own "Al."

There is a lesson of great value in the simplicity and unaffectedness of Samuel Edison's life and character—a lesson that should be taken to heart by every one, in our day of luxury, display and fickle changes in character or conduct, the lesson of plain and true American living, of unaltered integrity and simplicity, even in the face of marvelous success, or wealth and fame. These formed the basis of Thomas Edison's career, and continued to be well exemplified in that of his father, who himself summed up the gist of his wholesome experience in a single remark: "I've been scattering seeds along the pathway of life ever since I began to live, and now I'm picking the flowers of memory, and they are very fragrant and comforting."

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

BROKE, BROKE, BROKE.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the London *Truth* a parody of Tennyson's well-known verses commencing "Break, break, break," the "topical" application of which is, of course, the House of Lords:

Broke—Broke—Broke—
Are the Lords of the soil and the Squires,
And alas! that my tongue should utter
The thoughts that arise in the shires.

Let—Let—Let—
Are ancestral homes not a few,
And the owners are paying their court
To the parvenu and the Jew.

And the eager crowds go on
To Ascot and Newmarket still,
But oh! for the touch of the vanished coin,
And the sound of the gold in the till!

Broke—Broke—Broke—
Are the swells of this cold clay land,
And slender's the chance that the money lost
Will ever come back to hand.

TOO MUCH.

Dusty Rhodes—"When I was little I was so smart that every one predicted that I would make my mark."

Mrs. Dogood—"Indeed!"

Dusty Rhodes—"Yes m; as a baby my mother used to hang me from the bow of a tree in a hammock, and I used to get out and cut my name on the tree, and—"

Mrs. Dogood—"Sic 'im, Tighe!"

A Wonderful Discovery—Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

There is good news for our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, in the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

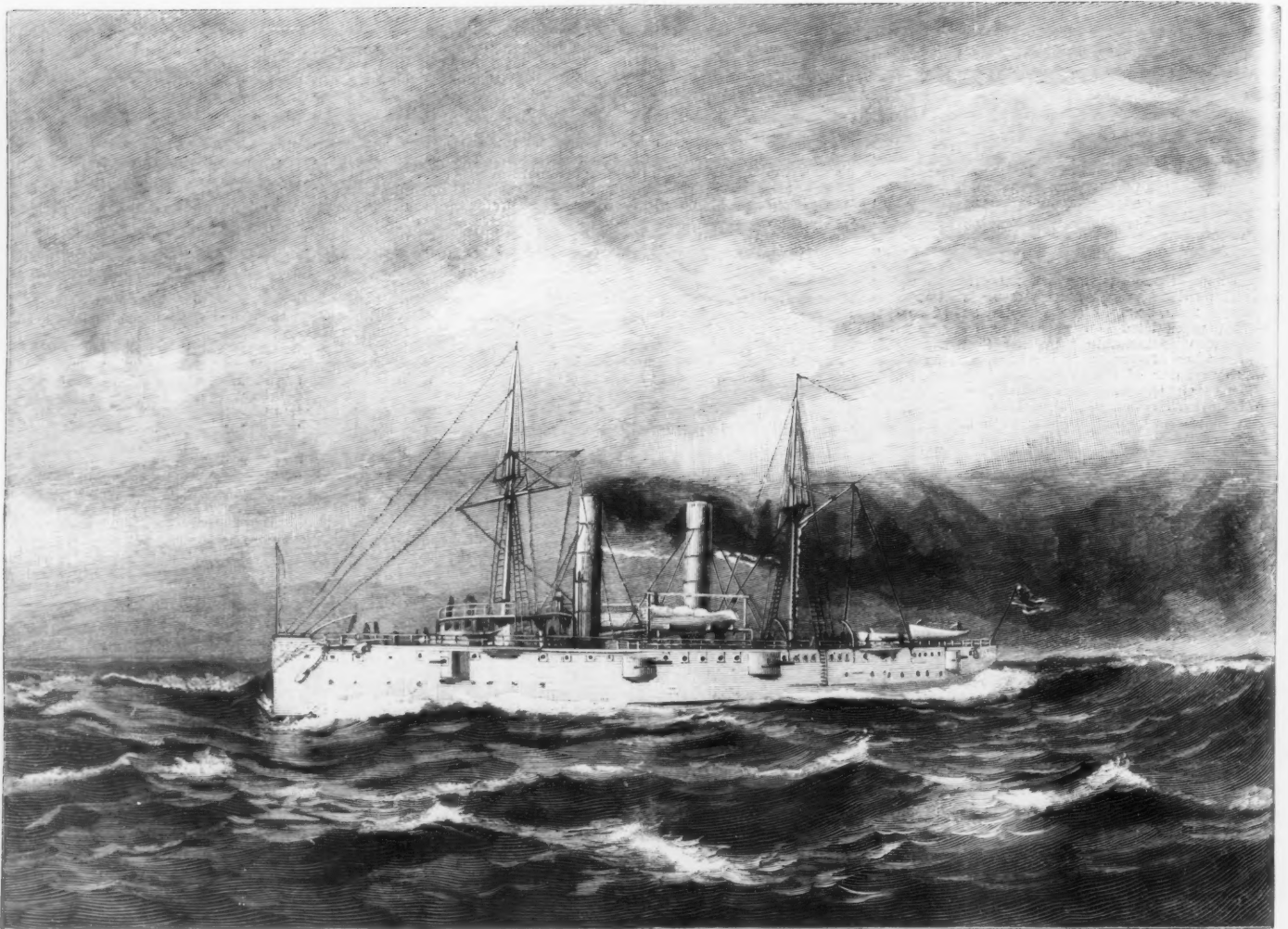


THE PRESENT RESIDENCE OF SAMUEL EDISON.

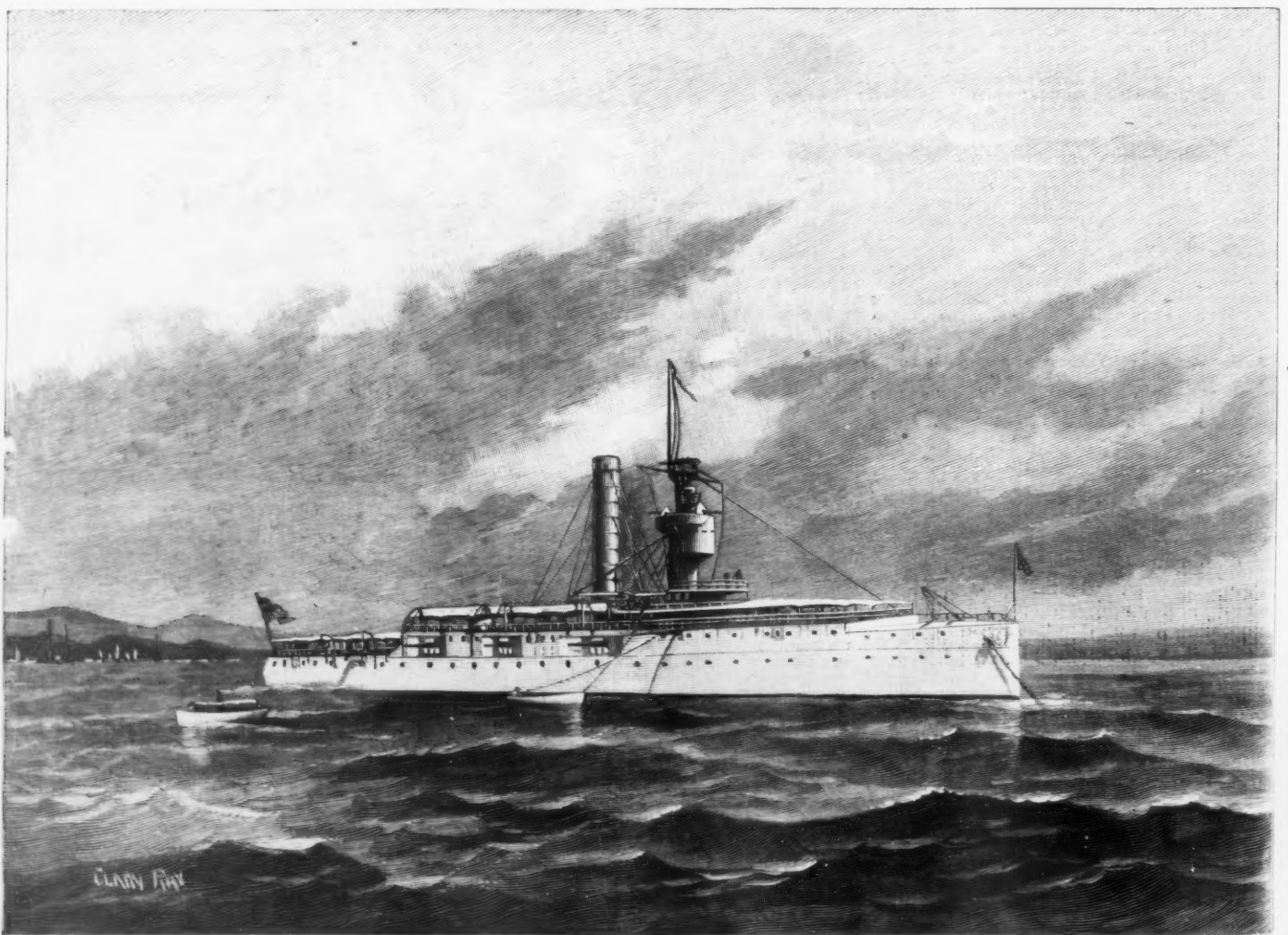
tor. His father lived to be one hundred and three years old; and Samuel was anxious to surpass that example—in other words, "to break the record." He was always a man of rare physical endowments, a great walker and runner, simple in his habits of life and capable of great endurance.

"I am a master of smoking, drinking and gambling," he once said. "I have smoked and drank whisky moderately when I needed it, and have known when to let it alone. I have stopped smoking for years at a time, then taken it up again. I let gambling alone."

Even when he was sixty years old, he engaged in a jumping match with the Twenty-second Regiment, at Fort Gratiot, Mich., and outjumped every man in the



HOW UNITED STATES LIGHT-DRAUGHT GUNBOAT NO. 7 WILL LOOK.



HOW UNITED STATES LIGHT-DRAUGHT GUNBOATS NOS. 8 AND 9 WILL LOOK.

(See page 15.)



PORTION OF HOTEL PONCE DE LEON, WHERE MITCHELL AND HIS PARTY MAY BE SEEN.



CORBETT WITH HIS TRAINERS AND DOGS.

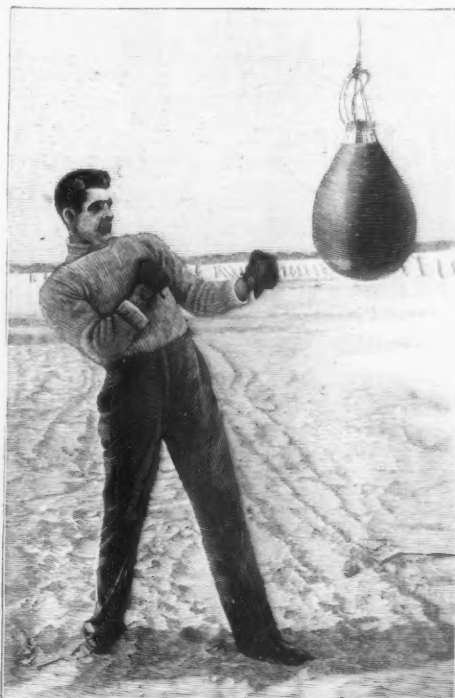


CORBETT AND MITCHELL PREPARING FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT.

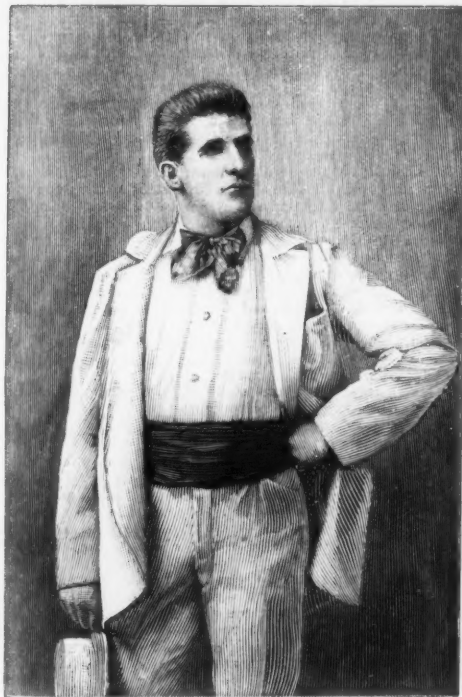
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., Jan. 17, 1894.

The two representative heavy-weight fighters, James Corbett and Charles Mitchell, who are both training diligently in this State, are the subject of far more interest and comment about here than even the tariff or Hawaii. Corbett began training December 15th, and Mitchell on the 31st; the former at Mayport, near the mouth of the St. Johns River, and the latter on Anastasia Island, just across the Matanzas River, east of St. Augustine.

Corbett's quarters consist of four cottages, all of them facing north and fronting directly on the beach, at a point where the river sweeps around to the southward and is swallowed up in the waters of the Atlantic. The largest cottage—a part of the estate of the late Cap-



CORBETT PUNCHING THE BAG.



JAMES J. CORBETT.

tain Alexander Wallace, a wealthy Scotch lumber merchant, who built the Jacksonville & Mayport Railroad—stands at the eastern end of the row and is within a stone's-throw of the beach and the surf. In front of it are two fine specimens of the cabbage palmetto so common in Florida, but there is no other suspicion of foliage—nothing but sand and water to greet the eye in all directions. This cottage is the home of Corbett, and the little party includes Mrs. Corbett; her friend, Miss Blanche Howard; Mr. Lake, the father of Mrs. Corbett; W. A. Brady, the champion's business manager; R. Porter Ashe, of California, and a private secretary. Corbett's trainers occupy the two houses at the other end of the row, and the small cottage next to the champion's is his training-house. This is fitted up with weights and pulleys for wrist, arm and leg exercise, a padded wrestling floor, a frame from which hangs the bag which the athlete punches, a rubbing-down apparatus, bath-room, etc.

Without any especial training for this fight, Corbett was in splendid physical condition a month ago. At any time he is a superb specimen of physical manhood. He is six feet one and one-quarter inches tall, and he stands straight and erect—an almost perfect picture of self-confidence, with just enough of defiance to give it

spirit. His skin is white and clear—at present, too little color in his cheeks, perhaps; but his trainers say that this is due to the nature of the work which he is doing. Corbett's weight is about one hundred and eighty-three pounds, and he will hardly get below one hundred and eighty by the day of the fight, January 25.

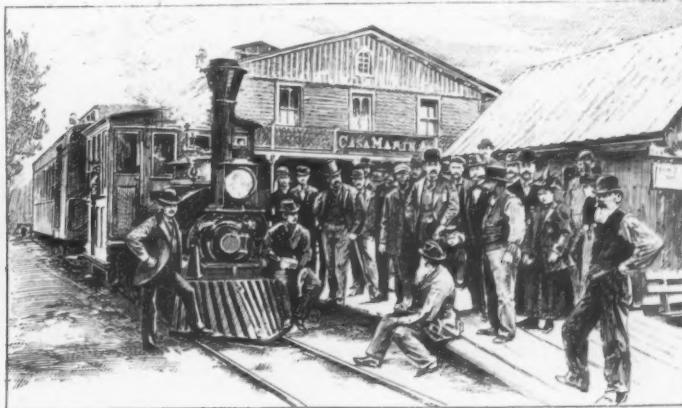
"The prime object in view," said one of his trainers to me, recently, "is to get Corbett into just the right condition for this fight when he enters the ring. He must be 'fit,' as we pugilists express it, both physically and mentally. He must not be too fat or too lean; his muscles must not be too hard or too soft; his stomach must be in first-class condition; if there is an ache or a pain about his body anywhere, it might be fatal to his success. So also his mind must be tranquil and free from everything which might disturb it—and he must have perfect confidence in himself and in everybody and everything about him. To make all the lines of our training so converge that they will come together just upon the day and the hour of the fight is no easy task. It requires a perfect knowledge of Corbett's physical and mental peculiarities. A pugilist on the eve of a great battle would very naturally get a little nervous, and this would tend to make him 'cranky' and crotchety, querulous and exacting. So everything is carried



CHARLES MITCHELL.



SKETCH OF MITCHELL'S TRAINING QUARTERS AND COTTAGE.



MITCHELL AND PARTY ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE ANASTASIA ISLAND STATION.

on in such a way that only the best results can follow. We all have as deep a personal interest in this fight as Corbett has; for, as he wins and prospers, we prosper. Our fortunes are tied up to his, and we all steer for the same goal."

And Corbett's manager, W. A. Brady, adds his testimony in this way: "Corbett, like all other pugilists, is a good deal of a baby when he is training for a big fight. He has to be handled quite as carefully. There are times when he cannot be crossed, but must be yielded to in every particular. If he should say that black is white, we would all have to acquiesce and reply: 'Yes, that's right, Jim; it's white.' If we didn't, a quarrel—a war of words—might follow in which the champion would lose his temper; and that would be quite as bad for him as to lose his dinner through an attack of nausea. A stirred-up mind is as injurious to a fighter's chances of success as a stirred-up stomach. So we have to be trainers, business men, athletes, physicians and metaphysicians, all at one time."

Corbett's exercise consists of wrestling, punching the bag, boxing, running, long walks, dumb-bell movements, hand-ball playing, etc. The dumb-bell exercise is taken early in the morning—about thirty minutes of it before breakfast—and the champion is out of bed and dressed before five o'clock. Breakfast follows, and after that comes a run on the beach, often five or ten miles at a time, and two of his four dogs always accompany Corbett. They keep ahead of him most of the time and act as a spur to keep him to a rapid pace. This exercise is, of course, chiefly for his wind, and he will frequently finish a six-mile run with no sign of panting, or even of hard breathing. A dry rub-down follows the run on the beach, and then come boxing with one after another of his trainers, hitting the bag, wrestling with McVey, and a final bath and rub-down with alcohol.

In the afternoon, after luncheon, Corbett generally plays at hand-ball for two or three hours, and after dinner at billiards. He is not much restricted in the matter of diet, but is not allowed to use any spirituous liquors or tobacco in any form.

Mitchell's quarters are almost ideal in their location. Anastasia Island is a long, narrow stretch of land washed by the Atlantic Ocean and the Matanzas River, its northern end being directly opposite the ancient city of St. Augustine. Its length is eighteen miles, and its greatest width is less than one mile. The quarters of the English champion are on the ocean (east) side of the island, near its upper extremity, and are reached by a steam ferry from St. Augustine, and a short, narrow-gauge railroad across the island. They consist of three houses—a living-house, where are quartered with their chief, Billy Thompson, his manager; Bat Masterson, of Denver, Col., a great admirer of Mitchell, and a backer with plenty of money; Jack Fogarty and Harry Darrin. Steve O'Donnell, Jim Hall and others of his trainers occupy an eight-cornered house about fifty feet away; and the workshop, which was formerly a store, is about a hundred yards further north. The arrangement of the training-rooms is not much different from that of Corbett's, except that this is a two-story structure and has more room in it. The apparatus in both is much the same.

All this upper end of Anastasia Island is well wooded, and the cottages all have an abundance of foliage about them. The ocean is distant about fifty yards on one side, and the trees and shrubbery grow close down to the smooth, hard beach. In the rear, not over a quarter of a mile away, is the river, and a cool, invigorating breeze is almost constantly blowing across the tree-tops and into the cottage windows.

The climate of the east coast of Florida—from a point only a short distance above St. Augustine, and down as far as the Keys—is most peculiar and in every way delightful. The temperature is largely affected by the proximity of the Gulf Stream, which keeps the coast-country moderately warm in winter and cool in summer. While Corbett, at Mayport, has found some days too warm for training, even in December and January, Mitchell has never lost an hour for that reason.

The nearness of St. Augustine, too, is a great advantage. The ancient city can be reached in twenty minutes, and frequent visits there—the Newport of the South, now at the height of its midwinter tourist season—seem to pleasantly break up the monotony of cottage life and hard training. Mitchell and his men may often be seen in the inner court of the Alcazar, or about the loggias of the Ponce de Leon—and they are always as well dressed as the regular guests, and, on these occasions, would readily be set down by a passer-by as New York or Chicago brokers, or clubmen off for an outing. Mitchell goes quite regularly to the swimming-pool in the Casino, and to the Russian and Turkish baths in the same structure. It is said that he not only enjoys these privileges immensely, but that they serve most admirably to keep him "in condition."

The opening ball at the Ponce de Leon, on the 10th inst., was a great success. Among those I noticed in the gay throng were Com. A. E. Douglass, Capt. A. V. H. Leroy, Mrs. F. M. Rust, R. A. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. C. H. Waterbury, Mrs. P. J. Cook, Mrs. and Miss Sterritt, Miss Alexander Kennedy, Mrs. Florence Holden, Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Barnum, United States Senator McPherson, Mr. A. Booth, D. F. Mitchell, Mrs. M. Ryerson, Miss Emily Crane and Miss Campion.

Mitchell's training is not so strict or so systematic as that of his antagonist. He takes quite as much exercise, but does it in his own way and, to a large extent, just when he happens to feel like it. He has himself done a good deal of training for other fighters, and he has learned himself so well that those about him can give him very little benefit in the way of instruction. He is so much shorter than Corbett, and has so great a disadvantage in the length of his arms, that the chances seem largely in favor of the Californian's winning. The English pugilist is five feet eight and one-quarter inches in height, and his "reach" is only thirty inches, while Corbett's is thirty-four. But he is an acknowledged "ring general" of wide experience, has a really remarkable amount of brute courage, and a practically unconquerable pugnacity. He is more stockily built than Corbett, and when it comes to the matter of rec-

ords the Englishman's is much more conclusive than the American's. The betting all along has favored Corbett, but at present the odds offered on him are being steadily lessened. It would not be surprising if the pools on the fight, during the twenty-four hours before it comes off, should show that neither man is a very strong favorite.

SOME INTERESTING REVELATIONS OF PALMISTRY.

THE curious diagrams below are a faithful reproduction of the hands of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and of Miss Ellen Terry, with their various lines accentuated for the purpose of giving the reader an insight into the secrets of palmistry. The cuts, as well as the interesting facts which follow, are furnished by an experienced palmist of Turkish origin, who personally scrutinized the hands of the two great actresses, and read their separate characters and tastes in the mysterious writing of their palms.



In Ellen Terry's hand, the line of Life is perfect, going round the thumb without a break. From this the palmist discovers that she has never known a day's illness, that she will live to a good old age, and die a peaceful death. The line of Fate runs down the center of the palm; the two small lines, one above the other, are the two husbands in the past. The third line, crossing the line of Fate at its upper extremity, is a third husband in the near present. (This being told to Miss Terry, she hastily ejaculated: "God forbid!" But it is inevitable, nevertheless.) The other lines, and the indications of character revealed by the shape of the fingers, are described in the diagram.



Sarah Bernhardt's hand is a startling contrast to that of the English actress. In it the thumb is supreme, and gives the key to her whole character. It indicates a powerful will, mastery over man and brute, a nature thoroughly impulsive, quick to like and dislike. A slight curve, or fork, at the end of the Head line shows a love of all things dealing with occult science, a fondness for mystic symbols, a tendency to be ruled by presentiments, and great power of attracting or repelling people at will.

The Life line is long, full of capricious adventures, of early struggles for fame, seen round the base, where it is not quite so fully developed. It has a magnificent sweep at the top, where it towers over all difficulties, and points to the highest distinctions, fame and immortality. There are indications of a tragic end for the divine Sarah. The Fate line is crossed in the beginning

by every imaginable disappointment, both in art and the affections, but toward the middle and end is magnificent. The first finger, which is well developed, shows inspiration; in the second is discerned a taste for painting and sculpture; the third also reveals a thoroughly artistic temperament in its widest sense; the fourth finger shows her to be headstrong, powerful and ambitious.

It goes without saying that ONCE A WEEK, in publishing these so-called "revelations" of palmistry, does not commit itself to any indorsement of the idea that revelations of character or future can be thus made. Nor does it commit itself to astrological predictions, such as those of our erudite correspondent, Edgar Apthorp, made in our issue of January 6.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

HERE were conflicting reports last week as to the health of Louis Kossuth, the distinguished Hungarian patriot. Some of the dispatches represented him as on the point of death, while others reported him as so vigorous that he was still taking his daily morning walks. Still, there is no denying the fact that the general health of the aged statesman is so precarious that he is apt to drop off at any moment. In view of this fact, some account of his life will be interesting to our readers.

For fully sixty years Louis Kossuth has been a prominent figure in the politics of Continental Europe. While it is over forty years ago since he was the chosen leader and governor of his own Hungarian people, he has been a consistent advocate of the independence of that Magyar state. Through the many years of his self-enforced retirement, in his modest quarters in Turin, his career shows strange counterparts, contrasts and anti-climaxes. In his youth and manhood a fervid, eloquent and impassioned orator and patriot, defying the power of the Austrian monarchy, braving the deprivation of political rights, he suffered for years incarceration in a foul and noisome dungeon. Leading his people to revolution and victory in 1848, we find him later, when his powers were most vigorous, his knowledge more expanded, his hot ardor transformed into cold philosophy, living a hermit's life in Turin, spurning the olive-branch held out to him by the Hapsburgs, scoffing at high office in the Austrian Empire, and rejecting with ostentatious loathing the portfolio of the Chancellorship itself. For thirty years he was the picturesque cynic of Northern Italy, cursing his good health, delivering philippics against longevity and aspirations for personal or dynastic glory, at times launching pessimistic pamphlets on questions of the day, and again sending forth a scoff and a jeer at liberal movements in government which he assumed to be simply the shams of kings and the shoddies of statesmanship.

No very startling political events have occurred in Europe to give prominence to Louis Kossuth as a factor therein since the close of the Franco-German war of 1871. Shortly thereafter I found myself in Turin with credentials to the renowned orator and statesman.

I found him seated at a round table upon which were strewn manuscripts, books and technical works employed in the study of botany. The apartment was furnished in an unostentatious manner. A plain divan, a few chairs, a life-size bust of Kossuth as he appeared at the height of his career, when he had that peculiar trim of whiskers and contour of face which have been assigned to his traditional greatness, several steel prints of historical scenes—these were about all to arrest the attention of the visitor. His whiskers, then, were already white and full-grown, his mustachios the same, his form slightly bent, but otherwise apparently vigorous, his voice strong, his eye quick and sympathetic, his nervous diction when speaking emphatic and expressive—such was the man at seventy, in retirement, in the chief city of Lombardy.

The conversation naturally first touched upon his visit to the United States. He said:

"What a comfort it is for me to remember the United States! America is the nucleus of democracy. Now you are forty millions of inhabitants (1871). In fifty, sixty or one hundred years you will number two hundred millions of people. What a power such an aggregate of Republicanism will represent! What an influence it will disseminate over the world!" (Here he became declamatory and really eloquent, and I could well measure the character of his matchless oratory in 1848.) "Culture and refinement among your masses. Material prosperity overshadowing the feeblest civilization of the olden form; a whole continent for your very household! Can Europe resist an example of such a grand realization? No! You have a domain spreading from ocean to ocean. And upon this tract you have tried the experiment of self-government, and it has been an unqualified success. What must be the influence of such a Republic in Europe? It will be either to put her ahead or retard her advancement. The world does not retrograde now; the world does not stand still. Measure, then, what will be the outgrowth of the impulse which represents the liberty of two hundred millions of people. Yes, indeed, in Europe we are coming to a final 'break-up,' as you say on the other side of the water."

"Do you believe it will come soon?"

"I hardly know," said Kossuth, "maybe to-morrow, as it were. It may not be for a century; but come it must."

"And the result?" said I.

"A republic everywhere. Not a utopian republic; there is no such thing. But a political one, like you and America have built. It prospers. I believe in the logic of history."

"And the ever-present 'disturbing element' in Europe, what is that?"

"The only one—labor and capital. That must be adjusted. I formulate no rules upon which its solution can be based. It is a knotty, complex problem. And upon its disposition depends the eternal peace of Europe. I do not believe in secret pacts or societies. Organization by this method cannot remedy the grievances of a whole continent. Such bodies are turbulent factors in society, and do not respect the family or the church; and movements of this character are simply symptoms."

After a night with the boys

Yours for a clear head—Bromo-Seltzer.

"Do you believe in repressive measures against such bodies, then?"

"No. Repressive measures only stimulate greater opposition and confusion. This is a political maxim."

"And now, particularly, as to the condition of the Austrian Empire?"

Kossuth then said: "It is, indeed, grave. The House of Hapsburg is coming to its end, and the great questions concerning the future of all the states in the empire must ultimately be solved. Remember two points. First, I believe that the unity of Germany is a grand result, and that upper and lower Austria will ultimately join that power. Look; it is like a grand magnet and a small scrap of iron. Austria and Germany will belong to the German Empire. I remember yet how I met Napoleon, in 1859, and then told him: 'Attack these great questions—Capital and Labor.' 'Why do you not do that?' Napoleon replied. ('Cela ne me plait pas.')

"And then," went on Kossuth, "there is the question of Hungary. If she allows herself to be the tool of the Hapsburgs, she will be lost. Upper and lower Austria, with Vienna, must become a part of the German Empire. The Hapsburgs will then count on Hungary to save her waning strength. Hungary, like Poland, may then be cut up and parceled out to her neighbors. This is her inevitable destiny. But the true function of Hungary is to become an independent state. That alone can maintain the equilibrium between the Slav at one end of the lever, and the Teutons and the Celts at the other. That alone is essential to the peace of Europe. Hungary, geographically, is a great circular state, standing on the border-line between the aggressions of Russia and the ambition of Germany. If her integrity and independence were guaranteed by Europe, a peaceful advent would foreshadow its steady way. Otherwise, Hungary would be broken into fragments, and the wars upon her frontiers would be but a repetition of the wars on the Rhine for ages past. Austria is made up of many nationalities, and the principle of nationalities is wrong and anti-republican. The principles of nations are different, and embody the rights of peoples and not of the factions of races. The effort of the Hapsburg monarchy would reduce the problem between all nationalities, and in this respect the Hapsburgs are unwittingly doing their best to forward Pan-Slavism, the great Asiatic image that haunts the Austrian mind."

To the intimation that he might again visit the United States, Kossuth said:

"No, never. I am too old; and, besides, what is glory? You remember Falstaff's soliloquy on obtaining glory to-day and being killed to-morrow. That, after all, is what personal reputation means. No!" (And he spoke as a philosopher with a slight admixture of cynicism, I thought.) "I have lived here in Turin all these years, and I can tell you I do not know a single person in this city. I have lived a very retired life. I do not see people at all. Even when I had relations with the Italian government sitting at Turin, I never admitted any one to my house. I received communications, and in reply sent my card. My servant has orders to say that I am not at home. As a public character, prominent in current affairs on the European continent, I could do no good. Europe is overwhelmed with theorists. What she wants is actors—practical men who will solve these questions of capital and labor, and assist in developing the salient principles of the coming democracy."

This altogether singular personality (Louis, or, strictly, Lajos) was born in Hungary, in April, 1802, of a Slavic family of noble rank and Lutheran faith. He was carefully educated, and, in 1822, became a successful advocate at Manok, his native town. In 1831 he removed to the capital city, Pesth, now one of the most beautiful capitals in the world; whence, looking eastward along the valley of the Danube, all is Asia in racial and national impulses; while westward all is Europe. He was elected to the Diet in 1832, which had its sittings at Pressburg, the ancient capital of Hungary. As editor of a liberal paper, which on account of the state of the law was not printed, but transcribed by pen and circulated, he became very influential in the Parliament. Subsequently he published a lithographic journal, and it was this transgression of the statute which, in 1837, led to Kossuth's imprisonment. For three years he was confined, with all the privations and cruelties imposed for political offenses at that time. He told me that during these three years he had but two books for companions—a Bible and a complete edition of Shakespeare. Both of these books he knew by heart, and it was their study and mastery to which he ascribed his perfection in written and spoken English, for Kossuth was, indeed, a purist; and it is doubtful if any man of the present century had such a wide and thorough knowledge of modern tongues as he, especially English. In 1840 he was released from prison. He continued in the opposition in the Hungarian Parliament, constantly agitating for independence, democracy, the emancipation of the peasants, the elevation of the citizen class, and the freedom of the press. After the French Revolution of 1848, he openly demanded an independent government for Hungary, and constitutional government in the Austrian hereditary territories. His activity inspired not only the Hungarian Revolution, but the insurrection of Vienna, in 1848. Immediately thereafter he found himself at the head of national defense, and prosecuted with extraordinary energy the measures for carrying on the war. Crushing the moderate party by arbitrary measures conceived in his resourceful mind, he induced the national assembly, in 1849, to declare the independence of Hungary, and to write upon the statute books of the state that the Hapsburg dynasty had forfeited the throne. Appointed Governor of Hungary, the arrival of the Russians on the scene of action decreed his overthrow, and his desperate efforts to save the situation were in vain. Resigning the dictatorship in 1849, he was compelled to abandon all hope for his native country. He fled into Turkey, was made a prisoner by the Porte, and, though his extradition was demanded by both Austria and Russia, these demands were refused. In 1851 he was liberated, and sailed in an American frigate to England, where he was received with every demonstration of public approval. In the same year he landed in New York, where delegations from all parts of the Union were assembled, with addresses and offers of local, state and national hospitality. Proceeding to Washington, he delivered, in the House of Representatives, an eloquent address to both Houses of Congress

then assembled, and afterward proceeded on a triumphal tour over the continent. Since the time of Citizen Genet, during the administration of Washington, this country has been visited by no foreign patriot who so aroused the sympathetic ardor of the American people as did Kossuth. His speeches were elegant in diction, pitched in a high key of oratory, polished with true rhetorical *finesse*, and coursing through them was an inspiring strain of matchless eloquence. He captivated all.

With a visit to this country closes his activity on behalf of Hungary. The rest of his years he was pamphleteer, an occasional controversialist in the public press, an author of high-strung volumes, yet all the time a recluse in Turin.

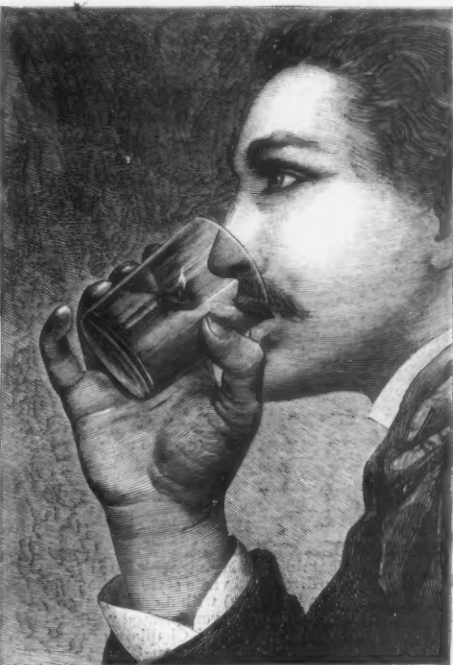
Kossuth was married in early life, his wife dying in 1865, leaving two sons, who were engineers practicing their profession in Turin. Born in poverty, he never acquired, nor did he care for, riches, and was content with the bare necessities of life; yet in the modest way he lived no one could but observe his aristocratic bearing, his polished manners as a gentleman, a certain Magyar *hauteur* inseparable from the blue blood of the Asiatic, and a delicate consideration for women and children, the sick, the weak, the crippled and the poor.

In Turin, his appearance on the street inspired the awe and reverence of the multitude, and during all the years he lived in that beautiful city his reserve and seclusion were respected by all.

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

A FIRE-EATING EXPERIMENT.

THE seemingly astonishing feat of swallowing a night-light, oil and all, is one which is easy of accomplishment and calculated to afford much entertainment to one's friends. The experiment is not only easy to perform, but positively agreeable, as will be seen on explanation. The night-light used in this interesting experiment is, in reality, an almond, cut to a circular shape, and having a bit of the nut inserted perpendicu-



larly in the floater to form a wick. This will burn well by reason of the natural oil it contains. The supposed oil in the glass is a light wine, preferably one of a deep yellow color. Having lighted the lamp, apply the glass to the lips, slightly shaking it. The concussion will cause the wick to retreat to the further side, and the

light will go out. You may then drain the contents of the glass, leaving the spectators amazed at your capacity for eating fire and drinking oil.



WHEN the cider in the cask sparkles at its spicy prime,
And the hogshead songs and sighs as you tap it on the bung,
Send out word to Bess and Sue, John and Sary, Kate and Sine;
Et we're goin' to hev a dance, it's high time our heels was flung!
Git a fiddle and a horn, tote the old piano out;
Pile the tables in the shed, set the chairs against the wall.
There! the boys and girls hev come—don't you hear 'em sing and shout?
What a jolly crowd they are for a good old country ball!



Round about the ruddy hearth let the mugs of cider stand,
While the red-cheeked apples toast in a row before the coals.
Gran'ther'll set and pop the corn—bless his dear old heart and hand!—
Mother'll spread the snowy frost on the heapin' custard bowls.
Time to strike up, Martha Jane! Give us "Money Musk," I say.
Silas, let the fiddle out, though you burst a dozen strings;
See us skipping down the floor, in the good old-fashioned way,
Keeping time with hands and feet, while the foremost couple swings.

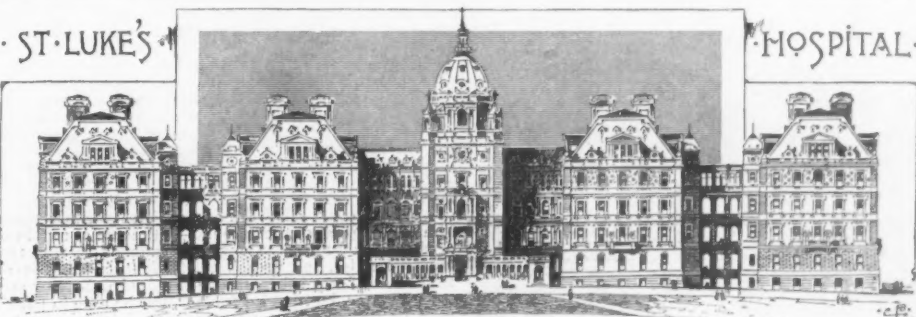


Now the old "Virginia Reel" makes our faces glow like fire.
Martha Jane is on the stretch—how her fingers skin the keys!
Faster flies the fiddle-bow; neither feet nor fingers tire,
Pattering like drops of rain on the broad-leaved maple trees.
Then the "Lancers," and the waltz, and the cider in between,
And the plates of creamy corn, and the apples sweet and brown;
Just a lover's kiss, perhaps, when convenient pantries screen,
Or a whispered word that sends long-lashed eyelids trembling down!
Oh! the jolly country dance, with no fashion's freak to mind—
Just the flinging of your heels and the freedom of your heart,
Like the circles of the birds when they're sliding down the wind,
Or the antics of the fish when through crystal depths they dart.
Many a lad has won his lass in the maze of "Money Musk";
And the dear old swinging dances have set hearts so well in tune,
They've concluded, going home in the early morning dusk,
To keep happy step for life and invite the piper soon!

—JAMES BUCKHAM.



Cholly (referring to lady just passed)—"I should hate to marry such a bright woman. Why, last week her husband sent her a telegram saying he should stay late at the office, and she sent an answer to the club that she would sit up till three."



ON the block bound by One Hundred and Thirteenth Street, One Hundred and Fourteenth Street, Amsterdam and Morningside Avenues, St. Luke's Hospital will be erected, of granite and brick. This structure will practically consist of eight separate hospitals, with a central building of administration—all connected by open colonnades. Ventilation will be produced by a set of powerful engines that will force into the different wards fresh air of proper temperature, while other steam fans will draw the vitiated air out, and expel it through the large chimneys in the roof. Not the least important is the laundry. That will be able to cleanse, in a day, all the linen in the institution. Even in a general epidemic it would keep the hospital linen ready for use. An instrument-room, next to the operating theatre, is to be supplied with every variety of instrument known in surgery, where they are to be kept in

air-tight cases and in the most perfect condition. The department of drugs, in bulk, is to be provided with a dispensing chemist, while each ward will contain a medicine-cabinet for the nurse in attendance. House physicians, nurses and officers of the institution are to be located in the central building of administration. The whole structure, as it is placed upon the elevated plateau of Morningside Park, next to St. John's Cathedral, will present fully as striking an outline as the present remains of the Athenian Acropolis could have appeared in the time of Pericles, when every building upon the rocky eminence could be seen in all their beauty from any part of Athens.

Neuralgic headache promptly cured by
Bromo-Seltzer—trial-bottle 10 cts.

THE BLIND CHAPLAIN OF CONGRESS

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18, 1893.

THE suicide, last spring, of the son of the Rev. W. H. Milburn, known throughout the world as "The Blind Chaplain," and the publication of the pathetic letter of defense by the bereaved father, brought into the public eye one of the most picturesque figures in the history of Congress. It was a striking commentary on the influence of environment that, so soon after Mr. Talmage had remitted to the Brooklyn Tabernacle ten thousand dollars of unpaid salary, Mr. Milburn was obliged to lay before the public, in defense of his good name against the charge that he had refused aid to his penniless son, the statement that he is trying to live and support those who are necessarily dependent on him on the little salary allowed him by Congress—nine hundred dollars a year. That is the amount which Mr. Milburn has been drawing as Chaplain of the Senate, since that body was reorganized on the meeting of Congress. It is not a large salary; but for the duties ordinarily required of the incumbent of the office, it is ample. Those duties do not contemplate the situation of Mr. Milburn. When the allowance for Chaplain was made, it was not supposed that any one who held the office would ever be obliged to depend on that salary entirely for his living. In other cases, the salary of Chaplain has been only a welcome addition to the income of the pastor of one of the regular churches of Washington. Dr. Butler, Mr. Milburn's predecessor in the Senate, has a regular congregation here. So had his predecessor, Dr. Byron Sunderland, now the pastor of the President's church. The Chaplain's duties to the Senate do not interfere with work in the regular pulpit. All that is required of him is that he shall be on hand at the assembling of the Senate, to make a short prayer when the Vice-President calls the Senate to order; and that he shall be ready, in an emergency, to conduct any religious services which some unexpected event in the Senate shall require. For example, the Senate Chaplain usually officiates as either the celebrant or his assistant when funeral services are held in the Senate Chamber. But usually the duties of the Chaplain keep him busy for about five minutes, at eleven or twelve o'clock, of each week day. If he tried to prolong the function, there would be a protest from the Senators. Mr. Milburn always aims to keep his prayers within a five-minute limit.

Chaplain Milburn is an impressive figure. He is above the average in height, and his long, full beard gives added dignity to his face. He always wears a long frock coat of black. A young girl—his adopted daughter—is his escort to the Capitol. She remains in the corridor behind the Vice-President's chair, and he enters the Senate, led by a page. When the Vice-President lets the gavel fall and announces that the Chaplain will deliver prayer, Mr. Milburn rises, and, stretching out his arms over the assemblage, speaks in a sonorous voice, and with a distinct articulation that makes every word of his invocation heard in the remotest corner of the hall.

Mr. Milburn was new to the Senate when he took charge of its spiritual needs at the assembling of Congress. He was a familiar figure in the House of Representatives nearly half a century ago. In fact, his election to be Chaplain of the House in the Twenty-ninth Congress (1845), was almost the beginning of his career. It came about in an odd way. He had been a traveling preacher for the Methodist Episcopal Church for nearly two years. His presiding elder was Peter Cartwright, the famous old preacher-politician who ran against Abraham Lincoln for Congress, and was defeated by him (1846). Milburn was a passenger on an Ohio River steamboat, and was invited to deliver a Sunday sermon to the passengers. Among his fellow-passengers were some members of Congress, who had spent the voyage



"LUNA."

From a photograph from life by W. and D. Downey.

drinking and gambling. Milburn closed his sermon (which was of the direct and virile style of the discourses from the pulpit in that day) with a denunciation of the Congressmen. They heard it, were pleased with his pluck, and proposed that he be elected Chaplain of the House. When Congress met, he was chosen Chaplain; but he held the place for only a short time. He took charge of a church at Montgomery, Ala., in 1848, and two years later went to Mobile to take charge of a congregation.

Through all of his early life, Milburn had labored against the disadvantage of defective sight. His eyes had been injured by a playmate when he was only five years old, and after two years spent in a dark room, he had come out with one eye useless and the other almost blind. He went through school and college, and pursued his ministerial work with the dim light which this eye shed on his books and on the objects round about him. But while he was in Mobile, the light of this eye went out, and he was left in total darkness—a darkness that has not been broken for more than forty years.

While in Mobile, Mr. Milburn had an experience which should make him a sympathizer with Dr. Briggs. He was tried for heresy, deprived of his congregation and forced out of the church; and for two years he was the leader of a free church. In 1853, he was again elected Chaplain of Congress, and at the end of the Thirty-third Congress he went to New York and devoted himself to lecture work. His work as a circuit rider had taken him over a great deal of ground—estimated at two hundred thousand miles. He was accustomed to ride two hundred miles, and preach thirty or forty times every four weeks for a salary of one hundred dollars a year. As a lecturer, he traveled further, but he rode in palace cars, or on great ocean steamships. His work in the pulpit and in the lecture field has taken him over one million five hundred thousand miles of land and water. He went to England on his first lecture tour, in 1857. He has spent, altogether, five or six years abroad, and has crossed the ocean four times. After his first return from England, he joined the Protestant Episcopal Church, but afterward he returned to Methodism.

In 1885, Mr. Milburn was again elected Chaplain of the House of Representatives. The Democrats were then in control of the House. When the Republicans gained control, four years later, there was much competition to see who would succeed Mr. Milburn as Chaplain. Oblivious to the needs of their blind brother, the preachers of the Washington churches who had sympathized from time to time with the Republican party, and had made their sympathies known, canvassed the new members for votes. But when the vote was taken in the House on the caucus nominees, the Republican Chaplain was rejected, and, by the aid of three Repub-

lican votes, Mr. Milburn was continued as the Chaplain of the House. One of the votes which broke the Republican caucus agreement was that of Mr. Niedringhaus, of Missouri, a new Congressman, and a devout member of the Methodist Church. There was a great outcry, for a day, over the action of the three Republicans in bolting the caucus; but the Republican members were not very much displeased at the restoration of Mr. Milburn, and when they learned that he really needed the salary, all opposition died out. He served with perfect satisfaction through that Congress, and the next, and was then chosen by the Democratic caucus of the Senate unanimously to succeed Mr. Butler.

From its first organization to the present day, Congress has elected chaplains for the House and Senate, except in the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses. At that time invitations were extended to the clergymen of Washington to alternate in delivering the opening prayer, and in preaching on Sunday. But the Thirty-seventh Congress returned to the old practice.

The fact that Mr. Milburn is trying to live on his meager salary as Chaplain may result in an increase in the appropriation for that office during his incumbency. Uncle Sam would never miss another thousand dollars added to the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bill; and certainly out of the billion dollars which it takes to pay the running expenses of this Government, the Blind Preacher is entitled to more than nine hundred a year.



REV. W. H. MILBURN,
The Blind Chaplain of the United States Senate.



MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN ZULULU
ON THE SPOT WHERE HE WAS KILLED.



SOME OF CHARLOTTE M. YONGE'S ADMIRERS.

DURING last summer a number of the devoted admirers of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the famous English novelist, resolved to present her with some suitable token of their appreciation. It was felt that one who had done so much to delight and improve the world should be greeted with kindly remembrance on her arrival at the seventieth milestone of life.

After considerable debate it was decided to collect

the opinions of Miss Yonge's readers from all over the world on the merits of her works, and to have the entire collection bound in one large volume to be presented to her. A committee was formed, and action taken to let the purpose of the testimonial be known in various countries through publication in the press. Any person who had read and admired Miss Yonge was at liberty to write his or her opinion.

The result has shown that the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe" enjoys a very wide popularity in Canada and the United States. Naturally, the majority of the replies are expected to come from English-speaking countries, but France and Germany, where Miss Yonge's books are known to have many readers, have already contributed criticisms; Germany being, so far, in the lead as regards the number of replies received.

IN FASHION'S LOOKING-GLASS.

THOUGH spring openings are already an accomplished fact, I fancy the majority of my readers will agree with me that it is quite impossible to be properly enthusiastic about battistes and organdies in the middle of January. There is still enough that is interesting in the fashions of the moment where-with to occupy ourselves, without taking Time so rudely by the forelock, as the great dealers in Vanity-Fair would have us do. Having barely left Christmas behind us, we must not show an indecent haste in getting rid of the white-headed season. Its store of good things is by no means exhausted yet.

We seem, after long and ineffectual struggling in that direction, to have at last attained a point reached ages ago by the other sex; namely, the acceptance of a rigidly conventional form of dress answering every requirement of suitability, convenience, good taste and becomingness. The tailor-made gown is unquestionably here to stay. To know it is to love it. It has been steadily growing in popularity until, at last, it has become absolutely *de rigueur*. No well-dressed woman considers her wardrobe complete without it. In fact, it constitutes her starting-point. It is her useful everyday dress—the *only* dress, indeed, which she permits herself to wear on the street in the morning. I wish this fact could be well impressed on the mind of every



American woman, so that, in time, the too frequent transgressions against good taste, evidenced by the number of silk and satin gowns seen on the street in the morning, might be effectually prevented, and the reproach removed from us once for all, that, as a nation, our women are overdressed. Even in the house, silk and satin dresses and blouses, or elaborately trimmed ones of any sort, should not be worn, except in the late afternoon and evening. The greatest simplicity should govern the toilet in which one appears at breakfast.

To come in after a healthy tramp of two or three miles, and divesting one's self of one's outdoor apparel, to slip into a comfortable negligee and take one's ease, is, as most women well know, the height of physical luxury. An admirable dressing-gown, which exactly fits the requirements in such a case, is shown in our sketch marked No. 1.

It is a Japanese robe made in a beautiful shade of golden brown silk, quilted, and lined with palest pink. It is daintily embroidered on the cuffs, collar and pockets in a design of roses in pale pink silk. The gown is fastened in front with loops of silk cord. Other charming combinations of color may be employed in carry-

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To every reader of this paper who is sick or ailing, we will send a free trial package of the best remedy in the world for the speedy and permanent cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility, and Consumption. It costs you nothing to try this wonderful remedy, as we send it free and prepaid. It has cured thousands of the above named complaints and will cure you. Write to-day. Address: EGYPTIAN DRUG CO., 20 Park Row New York.

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ing out this design, such as dark tan color lined with turquoise-blue, or deep indigo with rich ruby. Some of these gowns may be had in exquisitely pale shades of heliotrope, rose-leaf pink, or daffodil yellow, with delicately contrasting linings. A particularly good design for a blouse is shown in the illustration No. 3. The material employed is a lovely novelty which comes direct from Paris. It is a silky blue velveteen with silvery spots stamped on its surface. The upper part of the blouse is full, back and front, but drawn in tightly at the waist, where the figure is well outlined by a very wide



band of black moire, held in place by large buttons of fine jet. Below this moire band there is a very becoming pointed basque of the velveteen. The upper part of the sleeves is of velveteen and the lower of moire.

The pretty evening costume shown in No. 2 is carried out in pale-green crepon, trimmed with cream lace and a ruching of the material.

This sketch illustrates one of the most charming novelties of the season in evening-gowns. It is carried out in yellow and white. The plain skirt of white satin is trimmed with a Vandyked flounce of lace mounted over a very full frill of net, and caught up with yellow rosettes. The bodice and sleeves are of yellow crêpe de Chine. The former opens back and front over an under-bodice of white satin, and is drawn into the waist with a diamond buckle. The ruffles and revers are of lace to correspond with that on the skirt. The accompanying sketch, No. 9, shows a useful little gown of the tailor-made species. It is designed for golf, but is readily adaptable for winter wear in the country, for wet-weather walking, or any occasion when a trim style of gown with a comfortable short skirt becomes a matter of convenience. The costume consists of a coat, skirt and knickerbockers, made in a good strong tweed, and a perfectly fitting check waistcoat worn over a shirt and necktie. The cut and finish are of the smartest, and the absence of petticoats makes it the very perfection of walking-costumes.

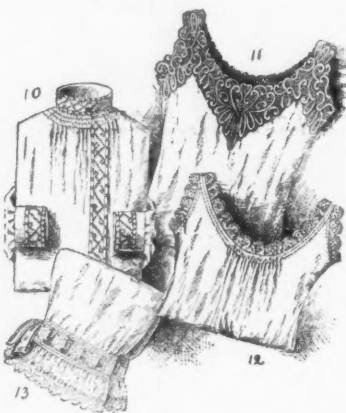


petticoats makes it the very perfection of walking-costumes.



Two picturesque costumes for children are given in Nos. 4 and 5. The girl wears a bridesmaid's frock of accordion-plaited pink crepon. The double shoulder frills, odd-shaped girdle and picturesque sleeves make it well worth imitating, for an appropriate occasion. The design for the boy's costume is copied from one exhibited by a high-class tailoring establishment, and is remarkable for its grace and simplicity. The blouse is of silk and may be had in various shades, the knickers are in black velveteen and the sash matches the blouse. For dress wear, for a boy, nothing could be more charming and generally satisfactory.

The group of lingerie shows some of the latest novelties in this important department of the wardrobe. The night-dress is fastened in Russian style at one side. The collar, cuffs and front band are ornamented with cross-stitch; the fullness is gathered into the neck with several rows of gauging. The chemise



in No. 11 is of long cloth with front and sleeves entirely formed of lace. The other is simpler but of an excellent shape, gathered in the front and finished with lace and feather-stitching. The drawers are trimmed with lace and strips of insertion, through which colored ribbons are passed and tied at the side.

In general, the appearance of the house or parlor-maid is a pretty faithful reflection of her mistress's taste and social standing. Consequently, apart from considerations of neatness and propriety, it is extremely desirable that servants, especially those in immediate attendance on one's self or guests, should be dressed in strict accordance with their position and duties. The snowy cap and apron, however simple, have an unflinching charm of freshness and suitability. This charm may be still further enhanced by the



quality of material used in making them up and by selecting designs which are at once neat and graceful. The apron in the sketch is a remarkably pretty one, and will give a little touch of distinction to any wearer, the addition of a bib being somewhat uncommon in this country, though seen in all the best houses in England. The caps shown are made of washing cambric, prettily trimmed with fine French embroidered frills. They are made to unfasten at the back, to facilitate the processes of the laundry.

I hear that Paris milliners are making a new style of toques out of broad ribbon wired at the edges, which they bend into any shape desired. But perhaps the most important piece of news from the headquarters of fashion is, that overskirts are once more the rage. If so, of course it is useless for us to protest. I have already seen several in New York, and no doubt by next winter we shall all be wearing them. I have received a sketch of one from Paris, which is pretty enough to break down the stoutest opposition to the innovation; but as I have already nearly

outrun the limits of my space, I must refrain from presenting it to my readers until next week.

Gwendolen Gay

KATE FIELD'S *Washington* is moved to assert that ten cents' worth of justice is sometimes cheap at a dollar and a half. It instances Mark Twain's clever and amusing account of his trip with a reformer (published in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*), whose hobby is to protest against the thousand and one abuses suffered from public servants. "America would be a much finer country if we understood, as a nation, the use of the good-natured protest," says the *Washington*, and that to insist upon our rights is not necessarily to be "a kicker." Here is a paragraph worth reproducing:

"To consistently and conscientiously demand justice in small matters costs a good deal of time and trouble, to say nothing of the odium you are sure to incur. A very fair quality of martyrdom can be achieved by simply insisting upon your rights, unless you conduct operations with that sublime tact which would make your fortune in any pursuit. Your efforts to raise the standard of morality in little things will be characterized as meanness or bumptiousness; and your short-sighted fellow-creatures, instead of reflecting that your labors benefit them as substantially as yourself, will look askance at you as a monster of troublesome selfishness. To insist upon fresh air in crowded places; to look carefully at the charges on your bill; to prod corporations on account of the small frauds which grow worse and worse as it is demonstrated that the public never complains; to persevere in the attempt to get exactly what you have bought and paid for—all these things are crimes in the Land of the Free, misleadingly apostrophized further as the Home of the Brave!"

In the far northern wilderness of the Yukon River, Alaska, the first white child was born last spring. The happy mother is Mrs. Beaumont, whose husband keeps a trading post at the outlet of the Porcupine River, within the Arctic circle, almost on the eastern border of that lonely, ice-bound territory. The news has taken months to reach civilization, so cut off from the rest of the world are those hardy pioneers of the wilderness.

THE Department of Philosophy and Arts of Yale University is now open to women. The sex has shown its appreciation of the privilege granted by the large number of applications for admission. There are in all ninety-three students in this post-graduate department studying for advanced degrees, of whom twenty-one are graduates of women's colleges.

It is no doubt a surprise to many readers to learn, from Th. Bentzon's article in the current number of the *Century*, that George Sand, brilliant and able writer as she was, had but little talent for ordinary conversation. Her habit of silence was occasionally a source of embarrassment to those around her. It is related of Theophile Gautier that, having been introduced into Mme. Sand's house by a friend, and failing to elicit a single word from his illustrious hostess, he concluded he was an unwelcome guest, and was on the point of returning to Paris, when the situation was explained to Mme. Sand. "Great Heavens!" she exclaimed, "you must have forgotten to tell him that I am stupid."

IN ANOTHER COURT.

Bridget—"Me mistress has been presented at court, Mrs. McFlab." Mrs. McFlab—"Ye don't say so! Phwat was the charge?"

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THE Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern Limited, leaving New York 9.00 A.M., and the Fast Express, leaving at 7.30 P.M., for Cincinnati and St. Louis, are now equipped with a complete Dining Car service, built expressly for these trains by the Pullman Company. Pullman Dining Cars are also attached to Royal Blue Line trains leaving New York 9.00 and 11.30 A.M., and 5.00 P.M. for Baltimore and Washington.

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WE give illustrations in this number of two classes of new gunboats about to be built for our navy. They are gunboats No. 7, No. 8 and No. 9.

GUNBOAT NO. 7.

This vessel, the contract for the construction of which was awarded to the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, of Virginia, is, in point of size, midway between the *Yorktown* and *Machias* types of gunboats. The general dimensions are as follows: Length on load-line, 220 feet; beam, 38 feet; draught, normal, 11 feet; displacement, 1,370 tons. The estimated speed is fourteen knots per hour, which will require about 1,750 indicated horsepower to be developed by the machinery. The hull is constructed on the cellular system, for the length of the boilers and engines, being filled with a double bottom; forward and abaft the construction is of the ordinary gunboat type. The general arrangement of the motive power is somewhat peculiar and novel, the steam generators being of two types, one of the ordinary Scotch, or return tubular boiler, and the other that of the tubulous, or coil boiler. The pressure maintained in the latter type is 250 lbs. per square inch, and in the Scotch boilers 160 lbs. The engines are inverted, direct-acting and surface-condensing, driving twin-screws. They are so arranged as to be used either with triple or quadruple expansion, the low-pressure cylinders and gear being disconnected when running as triple expansion engines; when running at full power, or with quadruple expansion, steam is taken directly from the coil boilers to the high-pressure cylinders, with the steam from the Scotch boilers led to the receivers of the first intermediate cylinders. When used at low powers, with triple expansion, the steam is led directly to the high-pressure cylinders. The coal capacity of the bunkers is about three hundred and fifty tons, an unusual supply in such small vessels.

The battery consists of eight 4-inch breech-loading rifles, four 6-pounder Hotchkiss guns, two 1-pounder guns, and two Gatlings. Particular attention has been given to the quarters in order to make them roomy and comfortable for both officers and men on long cruises. This vessel will undoubtedly prove a very valuable accession to the new navy, the light draught and great endurance features giving it a large range of service. This, together with gunboats Nos. 8 and 9, will be the first vessels for the Government undertaken by the Newport News Company, which is said to possess unexcelled facilities for handling marine work of all descriptions, and, by means of improved machinery, to be able to construct this character of work cheaper than any concern on this side of the Atlantic.

GUNBOATS NOS. 8 AND 9.

Contracts for the construction of these boats have been placed with the Newport News Shipbuilding Company. Their general dimensions are: Length on load-line, 250 feet; beam, 40 feet; displacement, about 1,325 tons. These vessels represent a distinct class of gunboats for river service. Many departures from ordinary practice have, therefore, been made in the design to suit the conditions of this service.

The features demanding particular attention are: protecting the propeller from injury, the ability to steer well when driven either bow or stern first, and the construction of the bottom in such a manner as to localize injuries resulting from bumping over bars or ledges. The propellers are protected by placing them in tunnels built in the hull, starting amidships and gradually rising to the stern, to allow a free run of water to the screws. The steering qualities have been secured by the use of double rudders, one placed forward of the other in the mid-line of the vessel, thus allowing one of the two rudders to be acted upon by the race from the propellers when going either ahead or astern. Both rudders are arranged to be worked simultaneously from the steering engine. The battery consists of eight 4-inch rapid-firing breech-loading rifles, six 6-pounder Hotchkiss guns, two 1-pounder guns and two Gatlings. The motive power consists of two sets of inverted cylinder direct-acting triple expansion engines, placed in a common watertight compartment, and driving twin-screws. The collective power of the engines is estimated to be 1,600 I.H.P., and the speed of vessel thirteen knots per hour. The most modern ventilating, heating and pumping arrangements have been provided for the comfort of the officers and crew. (See page 8.)

OUR CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.

THE following is a continuation of the list of subscribers who sent in correct answers to our Christmas Acrostic: Mrs. Emma Menz, H. M. Shaw, E. C. Birch, John D. Marsh, Mrs. T. W. Smith, J. A.

Goodsell, Mrs. E. Stoddart, Mrs. Herrguth, Miss Emma Manning, Miss May Lynam, Seymour Gabriel, James H. Duncan, B. Y. Morris, Mrs. M. A. Dunn, Mrs. I. T. Moulton, James Rattray, H. E. Fraser, Mary Shea, John Creaton, Albert Paul, S. C. Irving, Mrs. Charles Christianson, Miss E. Higgins, Mrs. Edward L. Thomas, W. W. Weiss, J. E. Johnston, Christopher E. Comfort, Dr. Warren E. Anderson, D. L. P. Clark, Florence E. Priest, Robert J. Ennis, Bertha Schoen, Alden P. Bryan and Miss Lulu Hines.

REFLECTIONS.

THE flower of the family does not always make good bread.

It is easier to take an eel by the tail than some men at their word.

THE most active, old-fashioned board of education, as chastened memory recalls it, was a pliable pine shingle.

IF some men were really as big as they feel, when they came to die they would fill the world with bones.

SIX things that cannot be made to agree are two women, the church and the devil, and green apples and the small boy.

NEXT to trying to catch the ear of a deaf man, perhaps the most difficult undertaking is to convince one's self that he has caught the attention of a cross-eyed woman.

THOMAS ADDISON.

IN DELIRIUM.

BY RICHARD BURTON.

LIVING in delirium,
Fancies strange do flockwise come;
Happy thoughts and bitter some.
Now I rest on azure seas
Bathed in light, and hear the wall
Of the waves, and seem to feel
Languid lappings at the keel
Of my boat, the while a breeze
Pushes gently at the sail.
Now I grope through rayless mines
Searching for a gem whose beam
I may use to guide me fair
To the upper world of air;
Search in vain for any signs
Of its heart of fiery gleam.
Now, again, I toss among
Clouds that are with thunders charged;
There amid the elements
All my soul and all my sense
Seems heroic grown, my tongue
Touched with fire, my life enlarged.
I am borne unto a place
Like a paradise for flowers,
Shade and sun, to hear aloft
Dreamy songs and snatches soft,
While below, a mystic bass
Chants with measured beat the hours.
I am in the daylight street
Of a city, and my hand
Suddenly is grasped by one
On whose grave the snow and sun
Years and years have blown and beat
Since he sought the Silent Land.
But to one strange spot I must
E'er return, and ever find
What must always bring to me
Luck of ease, and agony,
Till the day that I am dust,
All my anguish led behind.
This is I: I see my love
Holding forth beseeching arms,
'Tired in white, and near as wan
As the robe she rests upon;
See a fearful storm above
Sweeping swift, and big with harm.
Yet I may not move, nor go
One sweet step to comfort her;
Chains are on me, till I cry:
Let me free, or let me die!
God, the white face begging sol
My limbs that may not stir!
Lying in delirium,
Fancies strange do flockwise come;
Happy thoughts and bitter some.

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Primus—"Although you are a millionaire, my love is so great, sir, that it emboldens a poor man like myself to seek a daughter of yours in marriage."
Secundus—"Which of the girls is it, young man?"
Primus—"Any one of the three, sir."

THE milkmaid pensively milked the goat,
And, muttering, paused to mutter,
"I wish, you brute, you would turn to milk!"
And the animal turned to "butter."

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William H. Parker, M.D., may be consulted in person or by mail at the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

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 a-ee
 chere"

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